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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 716.—VOL. XXVIII.

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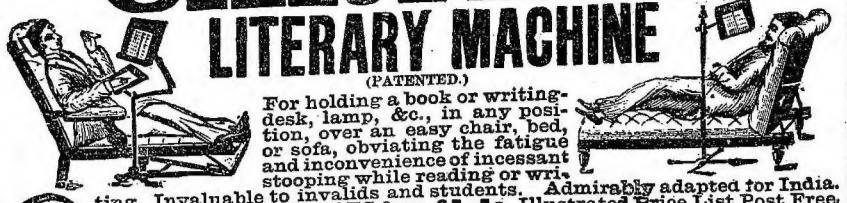
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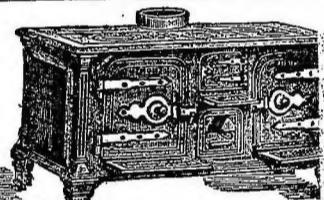
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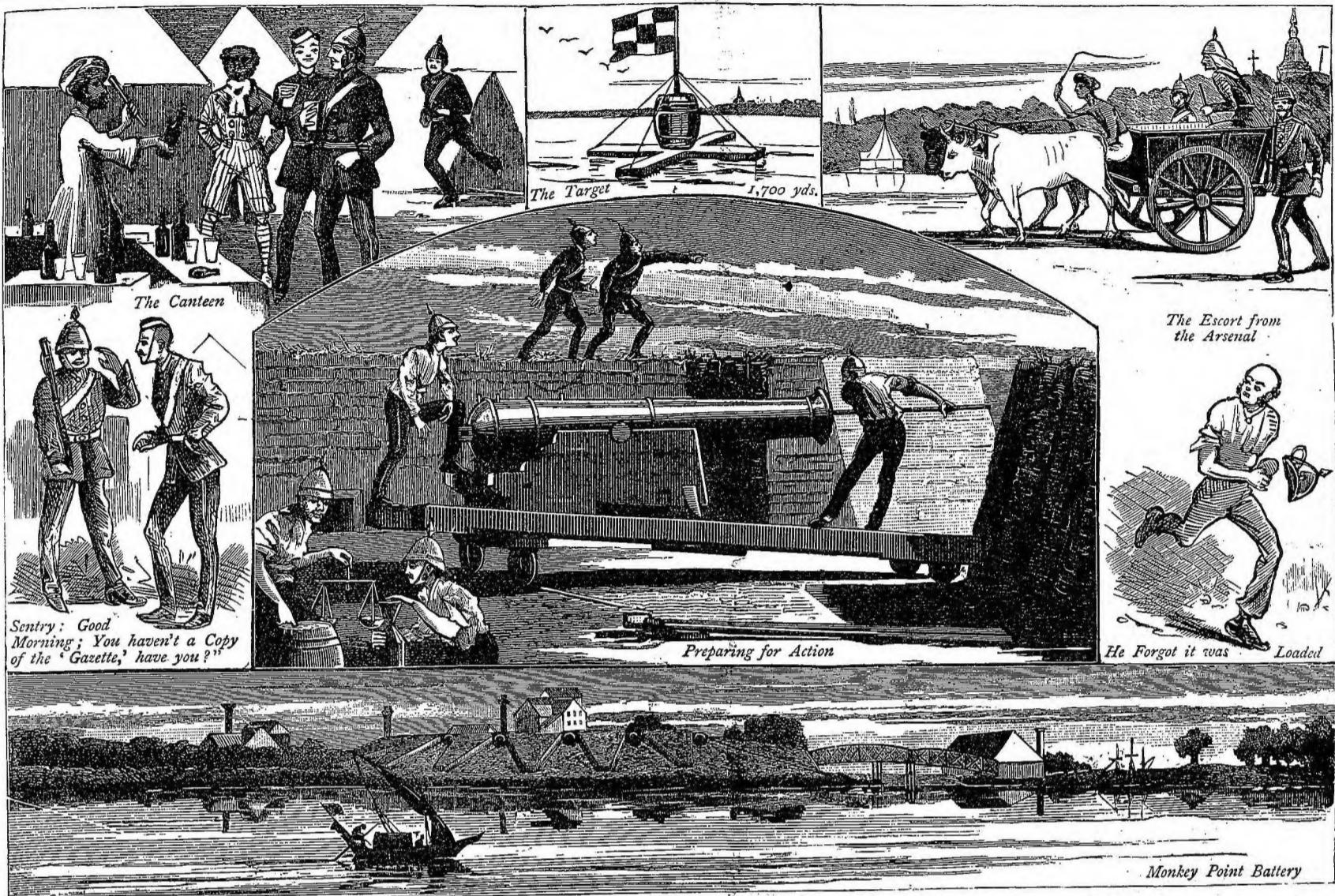
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NO. 716.—VOL. XXVIII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883

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THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.—As we go to press Henry the Fifth of France—a king who never reigned—lies at the point of death, unless, as some ardent Legitimists hope, the miraculous influences which attended his birth should again be aroused in his later years by the fervent prayers of his devotees. The record of his career has been that of a wholly honourable and blameless gentleman. Unlike the Bonapartist Pretenders to the Imperial purple, he never countenanced any effort to win the throne of his ancestors by intrigues and bloodshed. He waited patiently, believing, or at least seeming to believe, that his time would come, that the eyes of France would be opened, and that, sooner or later, she would reject all the evil teachings of the last ninety years. There was a moment, in 1871, when the hopes of the Bourbons seemed actually within a measurable distance of realisation. Both Imperialists and Republicans were for the nonce discredited by their respective shares in a dismally disastrous war. The chief want of France at that time was Peace and a stable Government, and if the Comte de Chambord had been that which Napoleon III. once boasted that he himself was—"a man of his epoch"—he might almost certainly have become Henry the Fifth. Whether the dynasty thus re-established would have been able to maintain its position is another matter. The opportunity never took place—the Comte de Chambord was too reactionary for modern France, and too honest to conceal his real opinions, and so he has lived on in exile, better satisfied probably, at least latterly, with the attractions of a titular sovereignty, than he would have been with the anxieties of a real Kingship.

WHO WAS THE HOAXER?—The Madagascar papers "contain a great deal of matter and much correspondence—some of it a little complicated." Such was the description given of them by Mr. Gladstone, who also now states that these important documents "only reached my hands on Saturday last." It is plain, therefore, that the Prime Minister, in addition to his numberless other gifts, must be a medium, a clairvoyant, or something of that sort. Otherwise, he could not have communicated to the guests at the Mansion House on the 8th inst. the purport of a copious and complicated correspondence which only reached his hands on the 11th inst. At the City banquet he stated explicitly that he had made himself acquainted with enough of the contents to be able to entertain cheerful hopes of a happy ending to the difficulty. The papers "had partially reached his eyes," and, although he had not had time to go through them "minutely," he was in a position to say that "those cheerful hopes we entertained are confirmed by the better and larger means of judgment which we now possess." Very naturally the world jumped to the conclusion that good news had come to hand, and Mr. Gladstone was roundly censured in some quarters for having originally attached undue weight to sensational telegrams. Yet he now states, with equal explicitness, that he never saw the papers until three days after the delivery of his glad tidings. It is quite plain, therefore, that he either arrived at a knowledge of the complicated contents of the correspondence by spiritualistic instrumentality, or that some tricksy elf gave him what sporting men call "the straight tip" on his way to the City. On reconsideration, we are disposed to believe that he must have derived his information from the latter source. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone would not care, we feel convinced, to mix himself up with Mrs. Guppy, John King, and spirits of that sort; his familiar shade would be of classic descent, and, in that case, could not well know anything about Madagascar. Secondly, there seems reason to believe that "the straight tip" was curiously crooked, and most probably, therefore, emanated from some malevolent sprite. That is, if it did not come—as it possibly may have done—from a more mundane quarter. Can it be that Mr. Warton, true to his self-assumed rôle of Mr. Gladstone's Nemesis, dogged him even into the dark depths of the City, and maliciously passed off on him as fact a most audacious fiction?

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.—In one instance, at all events, Mr. Gladstone's plan of "devolution" has met with success. The Bankruptcy Bill has been read for the third time in the House of Commons, and the disposition of the House to regard the decisions of the Grand Committee as final is proved by the fact that, with one or two trifling exceptions, all the subsequent amendments were either negatived or withdrawn. It is to be hoped that this success may be repeated in future Sessions, and that the Grand Committees may afford some substantial relief to a Chamber which is not merely overburdened with business, but deranged by the existence of an alien element within its own walls. At the same time we must not be too sanguine. The Bankruptcy Bill was essentially non-political, that is, in the popular sense of the word "politics." English Tories and Irish Nationalists are equally interested in contriving that a bankrupt's assets should be distributed as fairly and economically as possible. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill, on the contrary, conjured up the partisan element, it provoked acrimonious discussions, and accordingly it suffered ship-

wreck. Then it must not be forgotten that in Mr. Chamberlain the Bankruptcy Bill had a most excellent and judicious pilot, the members of the Opposition warmly commended his skilful management, and we hope he may survive to guide a good many more useful Bills through the intricacies of Parliamentary navigation. As for the Bankruptcy Bill itself, remembering the failure of many similar measures, it would be rash to prophesy its success. But it possesses some distinctive features which promise well. It recognises the fact that bankruptcy is due quite as often to deliberate roguery as to misfortune; and it also recognises the fact that, as a rule, creditors are very apathetic (owing to a usually well-grounded belief in the hopelessness of the task) in trying to recover their share of a bankrupt's alleged assets. They prefer to try and recoup their losses by making money in some other direction. If the new Bill discourages reckless failures, and at the same time gives creditors a better chance than they have hitherto enjoyed of recovering their lost property, it will be a decided ornament to the Statute Book.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Lord Coleridge and Lord Justice Bowen are on their way to America. It was polite of the New York Bar to invite them, but there may be two opinions as to whether the invitations should have been accepted. A tour through the United States involves much speech-making, and a man of such conciliatory disposition as Lord Coleridge may find it difficult to speak often without paying his hosts certain compliments which Americans of the best sort would neither solicit nor appreciate. In this country we have good reason to be proud of our judges; but Americans are not so well satisfied with theirs, and they are accustomed to say so, even before strangers, with a frankness which shows how deeply they feel on the subject. The system of appointing judges—except in the Supreme Court—by popular election, for short terms and on party grounds, is condemned by experience, and anything that the Lord Chief Justice of England might say in praise of American judicial institutions would, therefore, seriously impede those reformers who are trying with all their might to get those institutions amended. On the other hand, it is evident that Lord Coleridge cannot move among the Americans as a candid friend. The late Justice Maule used to say that he never spoke in public, out of Court, lest unguarded remarks should be used against him by suitors. Such a rule of silence might be hard to follow; but it would no doubt be a safe one for judges desirous of maintaining a character for discretion. However, the Lord Chief Justice, is a "smart talker," as they say over there. Of all men he is the least likely to trip with his tongue.

THE SPANISH RISING.—Spain is such an enigmatical country, and so much in the habit of falsifying European expectations, that it would be rash to assume that the military rising is at an end. However that may be, King Alfonso deserves credit for the manly and vigorous fashion in which he met the ill-conceived effort to upset his throne. Any hesitation or faltering on his part might have landed the country in another of those civil wars which have placed Spain a century behind the rest of Western Europe. For, although the *émeute* had the outward character of a military *pronunciamento*, there is good reason to believe that the rebel soldiers were merely the puppets pulled by political intriguers. It is noteworthy that not a single military magnate was even suspected of complicity. From Marshal Serrano downwards, they rallied to the Royal cause, and the deluded soldiery, finding themselves without leaders in whom they could trust, made little or no attempt at resistance when pursued. Whether Señor Zorrilla had any hand in the matter cannot yet be determined. His name was made free use of by the insurgents, but they did not produce any authority from him to take action against the Government. The fact that disturbances took place at so many different points tells against the theory that the commanding officer at Badajoz raised the Republican flag as the only way to hide his own systematic peculations. He may have robbed the Treasury; Spanish officers, like Russian, do such things occasionally. But since it can scarcely be believed that all the other rebellious commandants were in the same case, individual dishonesty does not account for the conspiracy. Neither do we attach much weight to the ingenious hypothesis that certain great Parisian speculators corrupted the military as the only way of causing a fall in Spanish securities. We do not deny for a moment the existence of operators, in London as well as in Paris, who would not hesitate to set Spain or any other country in flames, provided they saw their way to a handsome profit. But the strictest secrecy has to be observed, or that object would be defeated, and it is not easy to bribe an army to revolt without some betrayal.

STATE-DIRECTED EMIGRATION.—If we understand Mr. Boyd's scheme rightly, it is not proposed to ask the Government for money, but only for supervision in the conduct of a large and systematic scheme of emigration. Mr. Boyd seems to regard the removal of 200,000 persons annually as too large a matter for private enterprise. We should be inclined to reverse the process, and say to the Government: "If you will find the money, we will manage the supervision." In an old crowded community such as ours, there will always be thousands of persons who, without being drunkards or idlers, are from various causes on the verge of penury. Such persons, provided they are fairly robust and handy, will be better off in the Colonies, because the kind of

work which they can do is more in demand there than at home. But we venture to doubt if such persons will make very successful colonists. A man who has been unfortunate in England is apt to be unfortunate elsewhere. He may not be intemperate or idle, but still he is almost certainly deficient in some of the various qualities which cause a man's services to be in demand. But now comes the crucial question. Where is the money for this emigration-scheme to come from, if the Government are not to be asked to give it? If from private subscriptions, it would really be much more effective if charitably-disposed people were to club together in each parish, and send out a few deserving people of their own acquaintance, than that the work should be done by some centralised body, whether Governmental or other. For our part, however, we believe it would pay to devote some part of our annual taxation to emigration purposes. If we were to send out fairly well conducted and industrious people (the colonies must not hope to receive the *élite* of the labouring classes; they are too much wanted at home), we should soon recoup our expenditure from the money which these settlers would presently spend in our markets.

THE STAR FOR COMMISSIONAIRES.—The institution of an order of merit for Commissionaires will provide a means for honourably rewarding a most excellent body of men. The efficiency of the corps does great credit to Captain Walter, and the presentation of a star to Mrs. Walter by the rank and file of the Commissionaires was a just tribute to her husband's services. But, though the corps increases yearly, it hardly yet supplies the growing public want for trustworthy messengers; and it must be hoped that some extension may soon be given it by the creation of a brigade of street porters, like the German and Swiss *Dienstleute*. To get a box or heavy parcel carried for a short distance in London is neither easy nor cheap. A loafer has generally to be employed; he is obliged to borrow a hand-cart, and his charge often amounts to more than a cab fare. In German towns the *Dienstmann*, with his white blouse and badge, his porter's knot and his hand-truck, is a familiar figure in every open place. He will carry anything, and his tariff is about sixpence a mile. The Brigade of Shoeblacks has been a great success; a Brigade of Street Porters might become equally popular.

DUAL DIRECTORS.—Mr. Gladstone has often received praise, and equally often blame, for his quickness in seeing subtle shades of difference between things which to less gifted mortals appear identical. But this analytical faculty was rarely made more adroit use of by the Premier than when he distinguished the other night between the dual attributes of three gentlemen who represent England in the Directorate of the Suez Canal Company. In their capacity as Directors, they are, of course, merely administrators, but in their representative character they are negotiators. It follows, therefore, that whenever they do or leave undone anything, the first step in forming judgment on their conduct is to ascertain which side of their official duality was uppermost at the moment. Thus, to take one instance, it would undoubtedly have been a piece of grave misconduct had they, in their diplomatic character, given unqualified approval to the letter in which M. de Lesseps insisted on his monopolist rights. That they did so endorse it is not to be denied, but then, says Mr. Gladstone, they merely took action as Directors. Of course, they were fully justified, and more than justified, in seeking to gain every advantage for their shareholders; it would have been a breach of trust had they not done so. But it would be equally *mala fides* on their part if, when they are negotiating in the name and on behalf of England with M. de Lesseps, they do not exclude from their minds every thought but her advantage. It might easily happen, therefore, for their dual duties and responsibilities to clash. Suppose, for instance, that when negotiating on behalf of the English Government they out-generalled—it is a large supposition—M. de Lesseps, and were aware that they had got the better of the bargain. Manifestly it would be their duty as Directors, when the matter came before the Board, to denounce their own handiwork as fraught with mischief to the Company. But if the agreement, or whatever it might be, was referred back to them as negotiators, then it would be equally their bounden duty to make light of the very objections they themselves had raised in their other capacity. How does Mr. Gladstone get over this little difficulty? Those who wish to inform themselves on that point had better refer to the answers he gave Sir H. Wolff on Monday night. Even Captain Bunsby could not have been more oracular—or more incomprehensible.

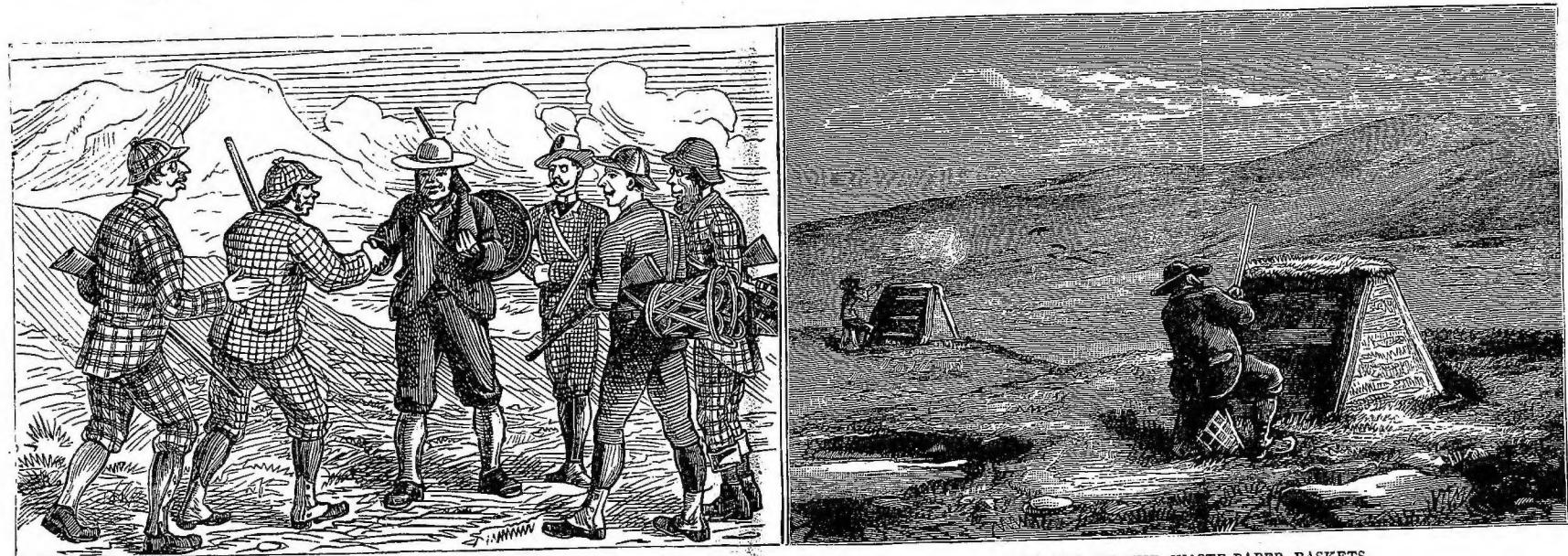
HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—*Punch* has for some time past made merry over the threatening placards with which the Heath is declared to be studded. We accept with deference anything which the hunch-backed Sage of Fleet Street causes to be written or drawn about the Heath, being aware that one of the most popular members of his staff, Mr. Du Maurier, lives at Hampstead, and is perhaps as well acquainted with the Heath as any dweller in that favourite north-western suburb. And we are willing to admit that of late the zeal of the officers of the Board of Works may have caused them somewhat to outrun discretion, and to impose restrictions which appear to be, if they are not absolutely, vexatious. But there is a good deal to be said on the other side. When the Heath was definitively rescued from the threatened embrace of the brick-and-mortar fiend, the Metropolitan Board of Works ha-



COLLAPSE

"WHAT CAN THESE BIRDS BE?"

WAITING FOR A SHOT



THE MYSTERIOUS BIRDS PROVE TO BE HUMAN BEINGS

THE USE OF THE WASTE-PAPER BASKETS

GROUSE-DRIVING EXTRAORDINARY



INTERIOR DURING THE DEMOLITION

EXTERIOR

THE KING'S WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL, FISH STREET HILL, RECENTLY PULLED DOWN



1. General View of Juan Fernandez.—2. The Flagstaff Look-out.—3. Cumberland Bay.—4. The "Anvil" Mountain, Looking up the Valley from Cumberland Bay.—5. Old Spanish Guns, with Mooring Chains.—6. Running Through Broken Landing Place.—7. Part of the Cave.—8. Crayfish.—9. Part of the Cave.—10. West Bay Point.—11. The Cave, Now Boarded Up.—12. A Native.—13. Crayfish Well.—14. West Bay and Arched Rock.—15. The Landing Place.

THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ, WHERE ALEXANDER SELKIRK WAS ABANDONED, THE SCENE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ADVENTURES

cartridge were expended in practice. In the course of the evening the camp was visited by a large number of people, many of whom stayed to dinner. Next day, after breakfast, the "innocents" were set to work filling shells (to fill eighty 84-pound shells under a tropical sun is something like hard work), while others went over the ramparts to measure, by means of a new range-finder, the distance of the target from the battery. On the day following, the range having been calculated at about 1,700 yards by the aforesaid range-finder, fire was opened at that range. Both plugged shell and live shrapnel were tried, and the shooting was remarkably good. At the fourteenth round the target was knocked away altogether, and a new one had to be constructed as shown in our sketch. The firing in the evening was still better than that of the morning. There were no accidents of any kind, and, after a muster parade, at which the commandant expressed his thanks to the men for the way they had turned out, the camp broke up, a most enjoyable time having been spent.—Our engravings are from sketches by Fred. Rencontre, one of the draughtsmen of the Cadastral Survey Party, Rangoon.

YACHT-RACING ON THE DELAWARE RIVER, U.S.A.

The leading yachts are just approaching the turning buoy. The judge's boat is running ahead to take the time of the yachts as they round. The course is usually fifteen miles up the Delaware, and return. These yachts are to sailing what a shell is in rowing—simply racing machines. When used for pleasure they have small spars and sails, but for racing their rig is enormous. Many of them will capsize in calm water with the weight of the mast alone when not manned. They depend altogether upon the weight of their crews for stability, and success in racing depends more upon the crew than the boat. They must move as one man, and "hike out" to every puff—*i.e.*, lean as far out to windward as possible by holding on to the life-lines—and be as quick to come in when the wind slackens, or she capsizes to windward. These yachts are exceedingly quick in stays, and skim the water when there is hardly a perceptible breeze. When the wind is strong, with a weather-going tide, a heavy sea is always running, and the boats are under as much as on the water, and only incessant baling will keep them from capsizing. There are four classes of these boats. The length of all is 15 feet. They are classed by width, from 4 feet to 6 feet beam. The Delaware is a fine sailing ground, averaging a mile in width above the city, and the shores being low give the wind free sweep. There are many yacht clubs here, one being devoted to large sloops and schooners.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. J. L. Foster, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.

GROUSE-DRIVING EXTRAORDINARY

As the 12th August fell this year on a Sunday, the grouse got an extra day of immunity from the guns of the sportsmen. In most parts of England and Wales, Monday, the 13th inst., was a magnificent specimen of a summer's day—a welcome change after the overcast skies and chilly temperature which prevailed during the greater part of July. Thus, on the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, and also in North Wales, birds were plentiful, sportsmen were successful, and many large hampers of game were despatched southwards. In Scotland on the other hand, after a beautiful day on Sunday, the wind suddenly on Monday morning went round from west to south-east, and blew with the force of a gale, accompanied by torrents of rain. East, west, and north, the weather seems to have been equally unfavourable, and many sportsmen who ventured out returned drenched to the skin, without having fired a shot.

Whether the incidents depicted in our sketches (which are by Captain W. R. E. Dalrymple, Kinellar Lodge, Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire) are real or imaginary we cannot say. The story is to the following effect. Messrs. Brown and Smith, having been invited to a grouse drive on the moor rented by four of their friends, are much alarmed as they approach the rendezvous by the appearance of some large and mysterious birds. On drawing near they find that the birds resolve themselves into their four friends, each of whom is carrying a waste-paper basket on his back to serve as a seat when the grouse are driven by.

KING'S WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL

The accompanying sketches commemorate the demolition of one of the most celebrated—if not the most celebrated—of the chapels built by the Independents. The church traces its origin, through more than two centuries of high and unblemished reputation, to an act of honourable self-denial. On the twice infamous St. Bartholomew's Day (1662), in consequence of the Act of Uniformity, the Rev. Samuel Slater felt himself obliged for conscience sake to relinquish his cure of St. Katherine's-in-the-Tower. The congregation which followed him, thirty-five years later, under the ministry of Thomas Reynolds, built a chapel above the King's Weigh-House, in Eastcheap, whence the church derived its name, and where it assembled for about a hundred years. During the latter part of last century and the beginning of this, for fifty years, the name of John Clayton was associated with the place. The building lately destroyed for the purposes of the completions of the Inner Circle Railway, was erected to accommodate the large congregation which was drawn by the preaching of Thomas Binney, and which included most of the leading men among the London Congregationalists of that day. It was in 1829 that he became pastor of the church, and in 1834 that the foundation-stone of the new building was laid on Fish Street Hill, close to the Monument. Mr. Binney gradually became famous throughout England and the Colonies, not only on account of his genius as a preacher—though he is said to have revolutionised the style of Dissenting preaching, and to have clothed the dead bones of a doctrinal sermonising with the flesh and blood of human emotion—but as much on account of the personal influence of a rarely fine and lofty character.

During the last year of his ministry Mr. Binney had as colleague the Rev. Dr. L. D. Bevan, who has since become popular on both sides of the Atlantic. After his final retirement, in 1871, the pulpit was occupied for seven years by the Rev. W. Braden, who died in the service of the Church. He was succeeded in 1880 by the present pastor, the Rev. Alexander Sandison. The King's Weigh-House has not merely been famous for its preachers, but has performed the true function of a church by means of numerous philanthropic and unsectarian institutions, and by means of three large schools, one for the children in its own neighbourhood, and the other two for the children of the wretched district lying behind the Mint, which the Metropolitan Board of Works has lately undertaken to improve, so far as its province extends. Until the State relieved it of the responsibility, the Church also maintained two week-day schools for secular instruction.

A very few years ago the chapel was redecorated; an organ and a window in memory of Mr. Binney were added; and the fine but somewhat uncomfortable old oak pewing was remade into seats which were models of comfort. It was, we believe, to the great sorrow of its congregation that they were compelled to give it up to the Railway Company, to whom the site will doubtless prove of high value.

For the present the congregation meets on Sunday in the Pillar Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, and for its other work uses a suite of rooms at 31, King William Street; and, though the chapel has been destroyed, the last page of the history of this famous church has not yet been reached.—Our engravings are from photographs by W. Quin, Waverley Road, Park Lane, Tottenham.

THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ

"EVERY boy," says our artist, Mr. R. T. Pritchett, "has derived pleasure at some time from 'Robinson Crusoe.' It is quite true that De l'oe placed his hero on an island at the mouth of the Orinoco, well within the tropics, but he took the idea from the solitary Pacific islet which was the scene of Selkirk's solitary residence. Some details, therefore, of this island cannot be but interesting even to adults. It lies off the coast of Chili, 366 miles from Valparaiso; lat. $33^{\circ} 40' S.$, long. $79^{\circ} W.$ It is about fifteen miles long, and the high land shelves to the south. The main feature in the outline of the coast is the 'Yunque,' or Anvil, a mountain 3,000 feet high. It is basaltic in formation, and quite inaccessible, as there is a *façade* of 900 feet. Alexander Selkirk's visit here is best described by a copy of the tablet erected:—

"In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, a native of LARGO, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the 'Cinque Ports,' galley, 96 tons, 12 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the 'DUKE,' privateer, 16 guns, on 12th Feb. 1709.

"He died a lieutenant of H.M.S. Weymouth, 1723, aged 47 years.

"This tablet is erected (*sic*) near Selkirk's look-out by Comdr. Powell and the Officers of H.M.S. TOPAZE, 1868."

"Lord Anson recruited here in 1741, and the Spaniards were on the island, A.D. 1766.

"Landing in Cumberland Bay, we found the little mole washed away, and had much difficulty in getting ashore. In front of us were a few small huts lying under the old Spanish fort, and, above all, a grand view of the valley, closed in at the end by the 'Yunque,' or 'Anvil' Mountain, with its grand basaltic *façade* already referred to. The vegetation of Juan Fernandez is remarkable and striking. 'Giant rhubarb' is a term applied of late years to a growth of that plant sold in Covent Garden. In Juan Fernandez, rhubarb may be stood under by a man of six feet high; as the stems are sometimes six to seven feet high, with leaves four feet wide, they afford a refreshing and novel shade. Next come the gigantic myrtle trees, some of forty feet. Imagine the delight of cutting walking-sticks from so sacred a spot; sticks of any size. Peach trees are the next item: they are very numerous and large peach stones are lying about everywhere. Cow-cabbage plants of large size. The anti-scorbutic vegetables or plants are numerous, and water-cress is indigenous. Purslane mint, wild sorrel, turnips, radishes, figs, grapes, wild strawberries, cherries, nasturtiums, and cabbage trees flourish. Fish are numerous, and water snakes (*culebra de mar*)—these are four feet long, of reddish brown. The most characteristic fish is the gigantic cray-fish, 19 in. from eye to tail; they weigh up to eight pounds—immense creatures like clawless lobsters. There are sea eels and 'Bacolao,' or deep-sea rock cod fish. These weigh ten pounds, and in deep water of seventy-two or seventy-five fathoms they have been taken up to 100 lbs. Corbinas are another kind of fish also numerous. The island is held from the Chilean Government by one Mr. Rodt, and the inhabitants amount to about twenty in number. Sponges are numerous. The cave is a natural formation, and close to the beach, of basaltic and lava boulders; it nestles in a valley. The beach would never leave any traces of a 'Friday' or any other man. It was with the greatest regret that we left such a lovely spot and such pleasant associations after so short a visit, but it came on to blow and we had to go."

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT COWES REGATTA

"HER Royal Highness, accompanied by Lady Charles Beresford," says the Cowes correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th inst., "left the Osborne yesterday in one of those little craft with a single sail, on that account known by the name of *Una*, which fly like white sea-birds over these waters. Steered by Lord Charles Beresford, this boat flew round and round the Royal yacht, bending the mast till the keel could almost be seen in the clear water, and as the *Una* circled about the big vessel the crew of the latter moved from side to side doffing their caps when the Princess went by. It was altogether a very pretty sight."

GENERAL SIR W. F. WILLIAMS, OF KARS

THIS highly distinguished officer died on the 26th ult., at Garland's Hotel, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. So sudden was his end that he never took to his bed till the day before his decease. William Fenwick Williams was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, December 4th, 1800. He was the second son of the late Mr. Thomas Williams, Commissary-General and Barrack-Master at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Captain Thomas Walker. Sir William was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant in 1825. He became a lieutenant in 1827, and was promoted to the rank of captain in 1840, from which year till 1843 he was employed in Turkey as British Commissioner at the conferences preceding the treaty signed at Erzeroum in 1847. In 1848 he was appointed British Commissioner for the settlement of the Turco-Persian boundary, and received the brevet rank of colonel in that year for his military and diplomatic services. In 1852 he was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Bath (Civil Division). In 1854, while the British Army was at Varna, he was appointed British Commissioner with the Turkish forces, and in December of the following year he received the local rank of Brigadier-General. He was granted a pension of 1,000*l.* a year for life, and received the honour of a baronetcy, the Turkish Order of the Medjidie of the First Class, with the rank of "Mushir," the freedom of the City of London and a sword, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University, for his gallant defence of Kars against the Russians in 1855. He was also made a Grand Officer of the French Legion of Honour. The story of the siege and of the services of General Williams and his "small band of heroes" is one that will always occupy a prominent place in the records of British valour. The principal episode of the siege was the battle of September 29, 1855, when Mouravieff's army was repulsed by the Turks and driven from the field. But reinforcements failed to arrive, and General Williams and his garrison, after suffering the direst privations of war, were compelled to capitulate on terms which reflected great honour on the magnanimity of the Russian General. In 1856 he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath (Military Division), and he was promoted to be a Knight Grand Cross of that Order in 1871. He was commandant of the garrison at Woolwich from 1856 to 1859, was appointed to command the British forces in Canada in the latter year, and in 1865 was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Nova Scotia, a post which he held till 1869. From 1870 to 1875 he was Governor of Gibraltar. In 1881 he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, but resigned shortly after. Sir William was appointed Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery in 1864. He became Major-General in 1855, Lieutenant-General in 1864, and full General in 1868. Sir William F. Williams sat in Parliament as member for Calne from 1856 till 1859. He was never married. The funeral took place at the Brompton Cemetery on the Monday following his death, but his remains at present rest in the Catacombs of that cemetery till some other spot shall be selected.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 1874, Piccadilly, W.

"The *Times*, in its leader of the 28th ultimo," writes a correspondent, "intimates that General Sir Fenwick Williams failed to recognise as he should have done the assistance of those who fought with him—especially of the Hungarian officer, General Kmety.

But it should be mentioned that this matter was the subject of correspondence at the time, in which the imputation of Kmety was confuted and shown to be altogether groundless. In the printed and published *Gazette* despatch of 3rd October, 1855, from General Williams to Lord Clarendon, Kmety is thrice mentioned in it most honourably.

"Those who knew Sir Fenwick Williams best, and who still hold his memory dear, know that he always recognised all who shared with him the difficulties and fatigue of the memorable siege of Kars, and that he always spoke of those who acted in immediate conjunction with himself as 'the men of Kars.'

"His reputation and ability as a soldier did not rest merely on the defence of Kars, for—if he found no such subsequent opportunity of distinguishing himself—Sir Fenwick Williams fully sustained his character in the honourable and distinguished positions to which he was afterwards from time to time appointed.

"His private virtues were no less conspicuous than his military; and the closing days of his life were quiet and peaceful, and those of his relatives who watched by him in his last hours had the joy of witnessing that undying faith and hope in his Redeemer which alone can support in the hour of dissolution."

THE CHERIF AND CHERIFA OF WAZAN

HIS HIGHNESS HADJ EB-ES-SALAM, Prince of Wazan and Grand Cherif of Morocco, is, next to the Sultan, the most powerful man in the Empire. Indeed, as hereditary chief of the great religious order of Mulai Tayib—a sect which is described as rivaling the Society of Jesus in influence, craft, and ambition—the Cherif, who claims lineal descent from the Prophet, possesses an influence through the whole of Barbary, even exceeding that of the sovereign. In Spain he is known as El Santo, owing to the manner in which he distinguished himself in the wars between that country and Morocco in 1859-60. He is regarded with superstitious awe, as being possessed of supernatural powers, and is, moreover, enormously wealthy. Dr. Spence Watson (to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our portraits are taken) had several interviews with him, and describes him as a stately, very portly, very dark man of fifty years, with an altogether typical face. He wore the fez and blue jellabia, but European waistcoat and trousers. The Cherif's duties are, ordinarily speaking, not onerous. It is enough that he is of the Prophet's blood. To obtain his blessing is considered to be worth money, and no inconsiderable portion of his income arises from this source. Notwithstanding his high religious rank, however, the Cherif, who is described as in every way a most enlightened man, has of late years shown a great liking for European ideas and civilisation, and in many ways conforms to European customs. In 1873 he married an English lady, Miss Keene, the eldest daughter of John Keene, Esq., of Wallington, Surrey, and who at that time was twenty-three years of age, the Cherif being forty, having been born in the autumn of 1832. The marriage was celebrated with great ceremony, all the foreign representatives and their wives being present. It was stipulated that the lady should be married according to British law, that she should enjoy the free exercise of her own religion, and that she should continue to dress in the European fashion. The service took place at the British Legation, being performed by Sir John Drummond Hay, K.C.B., and there was afterwards a breakfast in true English style. After his wedding the Cherif made a yet further innovation into Mahomedan customs by holding a *levée* of Moorish gentlemen, and introducing them to his wife. The Cherifa is highly popular, and has done her adopted country good service by introducing many reforms, including vaccination. We may add that Dr. Spence Watson wrote a very interesting little book, "Wazan, the Sacred City of Morocco" (published by Macmillan in 1880). He is the second European who has entered Wazan, and the only one who has entered it and travelled in the adjoining country undisguised.

ST. HUBERT'S VINEYARD, VICTORIA

WHAT with the disease which now has for many years affected the European vineyards, especially those of France, and on the other hand the increasing care shown in the cultivation of the vine in Australia, the wine products of that continent are coming more and more into request. Our engravings are from sketches by a correspondent in Melbourne, who recently visited the St. Hubert's Vineyard, which is declared to be one of the largest in the world. It is situated near Lilydale, about thirty miles north-east of Melbourne. Some 230 acres are planted, 190 of which are occupied by mature vines, some twelve years old. The sixty pickers employed are of various nationalities, Chinese, Swiss, Irish, Germans, Italians, &c. They are paid 10*s.* to 12*s.* a week with rations, and a donation of wine. Some have proper grape-shears, others simply knives. The bunches of grapes are put into wooden buckets, which are emptied into a wedge-shaped box brought round on a man's shoulder. This he then carries to the cart, which, when full, is driven to the sheds. There the grapes go through a mill, and are then trodden. The juice is run off into large vats for fermentation, and after being fermented it is racked off into the casks in the cellars. The yield at the end of last season was estimated at 65,000 gallons. Some casks alone contain 1,500 gallons. The grapes grown at St. Hubert's are the Red Hermitage, Chasselas, Sauvignon, and Goniais.

OUR ARTIST IN MOROCCO—III.

THESE engravings are from further sketches by the artist who accompanied a recent Italian Mission to Morocco, and who has sent us an interesting description of the city, which he characterises as a mere skeleton of its former grandeur. On every side misery, dirt, and ruins are visible. There is little to be seen suggestive of the proverbial brightness of an Oriental town; but the sun seems to scorch everything, and compels the inhabitants to shelter themselves as much as they possibly can. Nearly all the streets are shaded by a trellis-work filled with straw and dead palm leaves, while the houses are so low that, when riding on horseback, you have to stoop so as not to knock your head. The streets are gloomy from the constant shade; there is hardly sufficient air to breathe, while you are almost choked by the dust, and the stench of the filth with which the ground is bestrewed. And yet there are no lack of remains to show what a glorious city Morocco must once have been. For instance there is the magnificent Gate of the Kasbah, glistening with variegated stones, and rich with all the fantastic tracery which the old Arabs delighted to display in their architecture. Then, again, there is the grand-looking minaret of the Mosque of El Kutubia (Mosque of the Booksellers), which resembles the Giralda at Seville, with which, indeed, it is contemporary, as it dates from the end of the twelfth century, and was built by the same architect, Guever, a Sevillian. Now, however, the town is falling in ruins, and there is little produced either in architecture or manufactures beyond base imitations of the ancient masterpieces. Dr. Leared, in writing of the Mosque of the Kutubia, terms it the "pride of the city." The angles of its square minaret and tower correspond with the four cardinal points of the compass. It is 220 ft. high, and being of the same dimensions at the top as at the bottom, it has an imposing effect. On the summit there is a small turret or lantern from which the name *Sma el Fanar* is derived. The tower consists of seven stories, and the ascent from one to the other is effected by inclined planes, instead of by stairs. The mosque itself is a large building of brick, very much out of repair. The interior, which is never seen by Christian eyes, contains many marble pillars said to have been brought from Spain.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY

By the time people are grown up they have lost the capacity for experiencing that exquisite bitter-sweet sensation, that combination of ecstasy and terror with which children are so well acquainted. You may see the twofold and apparently contradictory expression on the face of some mite of a boy or girl mounted for the first time on the back of a donkey. As an elephant is so much taller than a donkey, one might suppose that terror would predominate over pleasure with the juvenile occupants of that giddy eminence, the broad back of the pachyderm. But, *per contra*, the motion is steady and gentle, very unlike the jolting and jerking caused by a "moke," especially when the said "moke" won't go unless vigorously assaulted from the rear. Moreover, children have the most unbounded belief in the good nature and sagacity of the elephant. They feel certain that he won't play any malicious and undignified tricks, such as kicking up his heels, or suddenly putting his head between his forelegs. And so it comes to pass that they ride along with serene unruffled faces.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Noris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 173.

OUR ARTIST IN WALES, II.—THE SLATE QUARRIES

WALES is a land of slate as well as of black cattle, and everybody goes to see the slate quarries at Llanberis.

Everybody, too, I trust, heartily curses them for hacking to ribbons the face of the mountain, and for filling up with their rubbish the beautiful basin of the lake. No view of them is picturesque, and to explore their tiers and tunnels is like a mild Edition of the Inferno. The man suspended in the air has to prise away the loose layers of shale from the solid base of slate which he intends to blast.

Like spirits released from bondage, the quarrymen race home on trolleys, not much unlike boats in a bumping race.

A cottage built of uncemented bits of rock, evergreen with moss, centuries old, stands by a brawling stream, whose course like that of true love is very far from smooth. Here lives a maid whom more than one miner courts. The rivals meet amid stream on the trunk of a tree spanning the water. Only room for one to pass, and which shall it be?

At the foot of Brynbras Castle, near Carnarvon, the inmates of a cottage on Saturday night are performing the kindly office of barber for one another.

They are amateurs in the art, but in Carnarvon, in a little shop, we shall find the true professional who, in a systematic way, *bobs* one hirsute mountaineer after another, while his boy keeps sweeping away the matted tresses in dust-panfuls.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

See page 177.



NEITHER THE ARREARS OF WORK which may yet prevent the hoped-for prorogation of Parliament on the 25th, nor the rains which have closed half the moors in Scotland to the sportsman for another week, have arrested the steady flight from London of paired-off legislators and wearied men of business. Lord Redesdale gave his Sessional dinner as Chairman of Committee in the Lords last Saturday; the Ministerial whitebait banquet, at which, however, neither the Premier nor the Home Secretary were present, was on Wednesday. On the afternoon of the same day the Ambassadors of the Powers met for the formal ratification of the Danubian Treaty. The meeting was adjourned till Tuesday next, two of the Representatives "not being in a position for the moment to comply with the necessary formalities."—The Manchester Ship Canal Bill, after narrowly escaping shipwreck in the Lower House, was thrown out last week by the Select Committee of the Peers. A meeting of the subscribers will be called to decide on the steps to be taken next. The amount expended so far by promoters and opponents has been set down at 60,000/- and 40,000/- respectively.—Beyond a renewed expression at Plymouth by Mr. Bradlaugh of his determination to present himself at the table of the House; a faint outburst of Liberal enthusiasm at Bow, where Lord Dalhousie and Mr. Bryce, M.P., addressed a meeting at the opening of the new premises of the Bow Liberal Club; a speech by Mr. Forster at a meeting after the inaugural banquet of the Stonehouse Liberal Association, in which the dangers of "wire-pulling" and of "hasty legislation" were wisely dwelt upon as the chief perils to be guarded against in any great increase of the electoral body; and a resolution of the Farmers' Alliance urging Ministers to reject at all hazards the whole of the Peers' amendments to the Agricultural Holdings Bill, there has been nothing of political consequence this week outside Parliament.—In Mid-Lothian it is considered certain that the Premier will pay his long-deferred visit to his constituents late in September or early in October. The Grand Cross of the Bath has been bestowed on Sir A. Paget, late British Ambassador at Rome, and Sir E. Thornton, Ambassador at St. Petersburg.—Sir F. Doyle has resigned the Commissionership of Customs conferred upon him when the old Receiver-Generalship was abolished. The post is worth 1,200/- a-year, and will, it is thought, be preserved as a useful bit of patronage.

OF ACCIDENTS, crimes of violence, and homicides, the last few days have been unusually prolific. Much the most serious has been the disastrous fire which broke out at two o'clock on Tuesday morning at Southall Park, near Ealing, a mansion built, it is said, in 1702, by Sir C. Wren for Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, but latterly occupied as a private lunatic asylum by Dr. Boyd, an aged physician, once widely known as a consulting doctor in cases of lunacy. Engines from Hanwell, Ealing, Acton, &c., were quickly on the spot, but the only supply of water was from two small ponds, which were speedily sucked dry; the water in the main had not been turned on. By great exertions most of the inmates, who appeared screaming at the windows in their night-dresses, were carried to a place of safety, though the patients could with difficulty be compelled to leave their rooms, and two maid-servants, who had retreated to the west tower, were only saved by the gallantry of a police-constable and a farmer, who dragged a ladder to the window over the burning roof; but Dr. Boyd, his son William, two patients, Mrs. Cullimore and Captain Williams, and the cook lie buried beneath the ruins. Severe injuries were sustained by the gardener in jumping from a great height to the ground, by Miss Boyd and another brother, home from Texas on a visit, and by one of the two housemaids, who slipped while being led down the ladder through the smoke. The house was soon a heap of glowing ruins, in which it is doubtful if any remains of the victims will be found, excepting a few ashes. The rescued patients, twenty in all, have been taken to the other asylums or the houses in the neighbourhood.—Much damage to property, though not to life or limb, was done the night before by two great fires; one on the premises of Messrs. Noble and Hall, oil and varnish manufacturers, of Cornwall Road, Lambeth, in consequence, it is said, of the vapour of some spirits coming in contact with a light, and one in a jute warehouse, at Orchard

Wharf, Blackwall.—In Liverpool, on Friday last, a fire in a cotton warehouse did damage to the amount of 40,000/-, and at Sunderland the burning of the Star Music Hall, in the midst of the performance gave satisfactory proof of the slightness of the risk on such occasions if the audience do not lose their heads. Thirteen hundred persons were present when the flames burst out in the roof above the stage, and all were got out safely in four minutes. The building itself was completely gutted, the roof falling in soon afterwards.

AT WHEAL AGAR, near Redruth, in Cornwall, eleven men were killed upon the spot by the snapping of the capstan rope when the cage had so nearly reached the top of the shaft that the twelfth man had actually jumped out; and at Raith Colliery, near Dunfermline, three have been killed and four seriously injured through the cage having been drawn up too quickly, and so dashed with its occupants over the roof of the engine-house.

THREE BROTHERS lost their lives in the Thames last week by the capsizing of their boat while changing seats, and five holiday-makers have been drowned in a sailing-boat off South Shields.—From the Red Sea come tidings of the loss of half the crew of the unfortunate steamer *Knight of Bath*, wrecked on a sunken rock when five days out from Bombay. The other seventeen, including the master, were rescued by the Indian Government steamer *Water Witch*.—At Halesowen Station, on the Great Western line, seven passengers last Tuesday were seriously cut and shaken in consequence of a slipped carriage being brought into collision with its engine through a too sudden application of the brake.—Among crimes of violence and accidental homicides, besides the Walthamstow tragedy reported in our "Legal" column, we may record the murder of a wife by a mill-hand at Over Darwen, and subsequent suicide of the murderer, a case of wife-murder in Dublin, the drowning of a child at Holloway, &c., &c.

THE POLLING FOR COUNTY SLIGO will be on Saturday. Two candidates only are in the field, the Nationalist Mr. Lynch, who, in company with Mr. Sexton, has been delivering addresses at Tobercure and Ballymote, and Mr. O'Hara, who will receive the support both of the Conservatives and the Moderate Liberal party.—The assassination of the pro-approver Carey took place, it appears, twelve miles and a half from land, and therefore within the jurisdiction of the British Court. It is not, however, certain that it will be legally necessary to transfer the trial from Natal to the Old Bailey. His successor in the representation of Trinity Ward, Dr. Wade, struggled hard at the last meeting of the Town Council to escape the trouble and expense of a new election. It was felt, however, that the opinion of the highest legal authorities was decisive, and a resolution declaring the seat vacant was carried by twenty votes to sixteen.—Much damage and more apprehension have been caused by the untimely wetness of the season. At Longford a large part of the growing crops has been swept away by the floods, and at Ballymena a whole tract was laid under water by the bursting of a reservoir, the watchman in charge escaping with some difficulty.—4,300 persons, chiefly of the working classes, visited the Cork Exhibition on the 12th, the first Sunday on which it has been kept open. Not a few, however, of the exhibitors declined to uncover their cases on the day. Earl Spencer will shortly spend some days in the neighbourhood as the guest of Lord Bandon at Bernard Castle.—The sale of Mr. Field's stock and furniture took place this week, preparatory to his departure from the country. Good prices were realised, despite some attempts at "boycotting"; but for the house itself there was no sufficient offer, fear being expressed that the present system of annoyance would continue to the injury of the new tenant.—The Australian tour of the Messrs. Redmond is generally regarded as a failure, the Archbishops of Sydney and Melbourne, and most of the leading Irishmen, decidedly setting their faces against the attempt to introduce the Nationalist agitation into the colony. Three Justices of the Peace, Casey, Burke, and Dalton, who sent them an address in which Parliament was described as "a foreign Senate," have been deprived by the Sydney Government of their commission—a proceeding of which Lord Derby has expressed his decided approval. New South Wales, it is said, is ready to take charge of Kavanagh, Hanlon, and the other witnesses.—A meeting, attended by some 400 delegates, was held in Limerick on Tuesday, to form branches of the National League in the three counties of Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, and to protest against the scale of rents established by the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act.

THE TRIAL OF THE LIVERPOOL FENIANS was concluded on the 9th, when all, except O'Herlihy, who had been discharged, were found guilty, and condemned to penal servitude for life. O'Herlihy was again arraigned next day on a minor count, and again discharged, the Crown declining to prosecute. He has since arrived at Cork, looking none the worse for his five months' imprisonment. The man M'Dermott has also been remanded. Evidence was given of his having been seen about London with the convicted prisoner Dalton.

THE SECOND DIVISION OF ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS, consisting of detachments from the Southéfin and Western Counties, marched into camp at Shoebury on Saturday. As is the case with the Northern division, the muster was more numerous than usual, the number of rations issued falling little short of 1,000.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of the New Docks at Cardiff was laid on Monday by the Marchioness of Bute. The docks will measure 600 feet in length, and 88 in width.

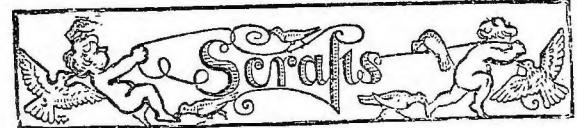
THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS have awarded their gold medal to the venerable Professor Owen in somewhat tardy recognition of his services to science, and to the College in particular, as Curator of the Museum and Professor of Comparative Anatomy, from 1842 to 1852. The medal was instituted in 1800 and has been awarded only six times.

EMBOLDENED BY THE SUCCESS of Mr. Dobbs' Appeal to the House of Lords, a Water Consumers' Defence Fund has been formed with an influential Executive Committee. The Committee hope that the decision of the Law Lords will make the rateable instead of the gross rental the basis of assessment throughout London.

MASTERS AND WORKING MINERS in South Staffordshire met at Birmingham, on Tuesday, and agreed to establish a Board of Conciliation, to regulate wages, in place of the sliding scale system, which no longer seems to work smoothly.

NO LESS THAN THIRTY-EIGHT PERSONS have been summoned at Eastbourne for non-compliance with the Vaccination Act. Fines were imposed in several cases, and in others orders were made for vaccination, with which the defendants declared they would not comply—a resolution which will hardly be "tidings of joy" to intending visitors with families.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease: the deaths last week numbered 1,312 against 1,465 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 153, and 327 below the average, while the death-rate further diminished to 17.3 per 1,000. There were 94 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 74), 59 from scarlet fever (an increase of 20), 56 from measles (a decrease of 12), 21 from diphtheria (a rise of 5), 15 from enteric fever (an increase of 9), 15 from whooping cough (a rise of 8), 2 from small pox (an increase of 1), 1 from simple cholera (a fall of 5), and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 177 from 168, but were 4 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, of which 45 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,261 births registered against 2,505 in the previous return, being 291 below the average. The mean temperature was 59.4 deg. and 3.3 deg. below the average.



REPLY POST-CARDS have been very little appreciated by the public since their introduction last October. The sale has fallen far short of the estimate.

A PATRON SAINT OF JOURNALISM is shortly to be nominated by the Pope, and St. Francis de Sales will probably be chosen to watch over the Catholic Press—so says the *Italian Times*.

LONGFELLOW is one of the few poets who have died rich. His affairs have just been wound up, and his family inherit 70,000/-, of which 8,000/- are derived from the copyright of his works.

A LUTHER EXHIBITION is shortly to be opened in the British Museum, in commemoration of the Luther Quatercentennial. The collection will consist of portraits and relics of the Reformer, such as his Bible, special editions of his works, his letters, &c., and various medals and pictures of celebrities of the period.

AN INTERNATIONAL LOST PROPERTY COMPANY, the "Eureka," is being planned in Germany. At a yearly cost of one shilling, each subscriber can mark his property with a certain number, and should anything go astray, the corresponding members in different towns will be bound to hunt up the missing article.

AUSTRALIAN POPULAR INTEREST IN NEW GUINEA is so considerable that the Queensland journals are sending out explorers and special correspondents to the island. One Melbourne paper has despatched an admirably equipped expedition to report on the disposition of the tribes, the condition of the soil, fauna, flora, &c.

THE MOABITE MANUSCRIPT of the Book of Deuteronomy, brought to England by Mr. Shapira, is to be reproduced in a series of autotype plates. The MSS. is undergoing most rigid examination, and has been inspected by Mr. Gladstone. Two portions of the treasure are now exhibited to the public in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, but the characters on the larger fragment are quite invisible to the naked eye.

MORMONISM is growing stronger year by year in the United States, according to the *American Register*, notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to crush the sect. The Saints have desily gained ground in other Territories besides their stronghold, Utah; and, indeed, in Idaho full half the members of the Legislature are Mormons. They are buying up land for settlements in Colorado, and the missionaries have lately managed to make an immense number of converts both in the Southern States and in Europe.

THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM'S TREASURY is not likely to be rifled by unscrupulous officials, considering the formidable guards who protect the State money. Retaining sufficient cash for current use, the Emperor seals up his reserve funds in the hollow trunks of trees, and throws them into a pond in the Palace grounds, which is kept filled with crocodiles. To get at the money, the Paris *Temps* tells us, it is necessary to kill all the crocodiles, and as this cannot be done in secret the Annamite sovereign feels quite secure from being robbed.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, continue in most satisfactory condition, both as regards the quality of their exhibitions and the receipts of the year, judging from the recent annual report. New plants and fresh varieties of old favourites appear in increased numbers every year at the shows, and this summer the display of orchids was unusually fine. Botanical students and artists highly value the Society's assistance, and no fewer than 60,000 cut specimens were distributed, and 836 free admission granted for the purpose of study.

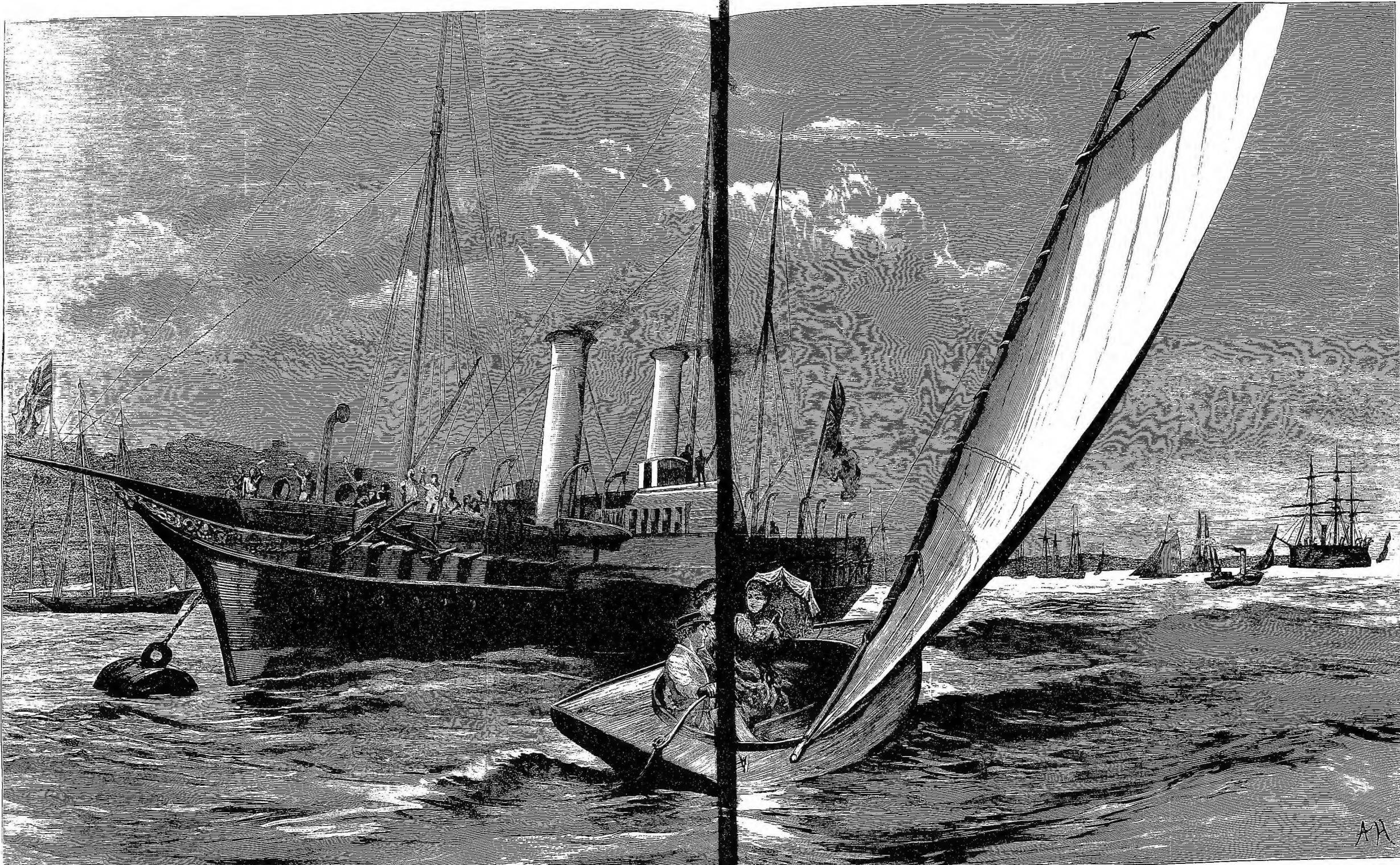
OFFICIAL CANDIDATES AT FRENCH ELECTIONS are singularly frank in reminding electors of the influence and assistance they can provide in return for votes. Thus, during the recent elections for the Councils-General, a provincial mayor, brother of the Minister of War, issued a circular alluding to the interest he possessed in high quarters, and hoping that his readiness to oblige would not be forgotten by voters. He trusted, therefore, that the electors would show their Mayor that they were worthy of the benevolent regard which he always manifested for their welfare.

THE BRITISH MINISTERIAL "DÎNER DES WHITEBAIT" has greatly impressed the London correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, who describes the tiny fish as "one of the purest glories of England." He notes that the whitebait are served thrice, dressed in an ascending scale of seasoning. The first dish is thickly sprinkled with ordinary salt, the second covered with black pepper, and the third course smothered in Cayenne pepper—this last dish being so fiery that both Liberal and Conservative Cabinets have to practise for three years before they can swallow such a burning mixture.

THE AUSTRIAN POLAR EXPEDITION, which went out to Jan Mayen for a year's meteorological observations, has returned safely to Norway. The observers were away sixteen months, and not one suffered from scurvy or any disease during their long Arctic residence. Valuable observations were taken, and rich collections made. Talking of scientific exploration, Russia is sending an expedition to Central Asia to study the high plateau of Thibet. The well-known traveller, Colonel Prejewalski, is in charge, with a large staff of assistants and a Cossack escort, and the Expedition will be absent two years.

THE NIAGARA RAPIDS have certainly become a centre of attraction for foolhardy swimmers, as a third ambitious individual now proposes to make the attempt. He is a Frenchman of twenty-five, and declares that Webb failed because he was a swimmer instead of a diver. He asserts that the feat can be accomplished by remaining a long time under water, and as he has already remained sixty-five seconds below the surface while swimming a cataract, he feels certain of success. Two more lives have now been lost in the Niagara River at a point called the Rocks, midway between the Suspension Bridge and Lewiston. The river there is a narrow foaming torrent, and the Indians teach their boys to swim close in shore, but a few days ago two lads ventured too far out and were at once swept completely away. Their bodies were not found for five days.

THE SAINTE MARIE, OR FÊTE OF THE VIRGIN, last Wednesday in France brought out a host of quaint floral devices and dainty souvenirs for the benefit of the thousand bearing the Virgin's name. The poorest Marie must have her bouquet, if it be only a handful of field-flowers, but amongst the rich costly blossoms are arranged in most fantastic style and ornament all kinds of expensive knick-knacks. Rosebuds are worked into portrait-frames, pansies form velvety cushions; damask roses peep out of golden sabots, and forget-me-nots from Louis XV. china slippers; bright gladioli bloom in horns of fragile Venetian glass, tea-roses fill a Dresden china triumphal car drawn by doves or swallows, and beautiful marble statuettes are hidden in Corinthian temples formed by columns of moss and roofs of shaded clove carnations. Even china dogs and cats, parrots, and rabbits have collars and earrings of flowers. Other favourite gifts are old-fashioned chatelaines and trinkets, reliquaries, &c., or gorgeous fans such as the "Minerva," made of owl's feathers, for studious damsels, the heraldic fan for lasses "with a long pedigree"—a quaint parchment production ornamented with fantastic animals—and a variety composed of delicate-hued feathers, with a fanciful motto in the centre surrounded by a twisted row of pearls.



THE REGATTA AT COWES

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND LORD AND LADY CHARLES BERESFORD ROUNDING THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE" IN A "UNA" BOAT



THE worst of the cholera epidemic in EGYPT appears to be over, as, save in Alexandria, the violence of the outbreak diminishes daily. Only nine deaths occurred in Cairo on Tuesday, and the remaining affected districts are in nearly as satisfactory a condition, so that Alexandria is now the chief source of anxiety. Fortunately the city has been kept in good sanitary order, and thus the disease has not gained such hold as in less protected places, but the mortality has steadily increased during the last fortnight—rising to forty on Tuesday—and the scared inhabitants pour out of the city by hundreds. Here again is the old story of native prejudice obstructing the European officials, and the Arabs so strongly oppose the use of disinfectants as to raise serious disturbances, both at the hospitals and the graves, only quelled by the troops. As the educated natives shared the superstition, the British doctors threatened to resign unless they were protected from Mahomedan fanaticism, and the necessary sanitary measures enforced, but the Egyptian authorities for once had the good sense to settle the dispute satisfactorily. Now the cholera itself is abating, people are beginning to count the cost of the epidemic. Apart from the loss of over 17,000 lives the country has been thrown into total commercial stagnation. Grain lies idle in the villages, agricultural operations are at a standstill, and the enormous rise of the Nile causes great alarm at the present time when the canals and irrigation system have been completely neglected. Hitherto, however, the river has remained within bounds, excepting some minor inundations in Upper Egypt, and it is now beginning to fall at Cairo.

The state of the British troops is considered so far satisfactory that Sir Evelyn Wood has again started on the leave from which he was recalled when the epidemic became serious. Some few deaths have still occurred, but the troops are being shifted to fresh camps, and their general health is good. As yet the decrease of the disease has not lessened either the quarantine severity or the dread in other countries, and much alarm is felt owing to the cases in the Lazaret at Beyrouth, which is strictly isolated. Smyrna has now been declared a contaminated port, as a French vessel from Port Said was allowed to enter without quarantine.

The military insurrection in SPAIN has proved far more extensive and serious than at first suspected. From all appearances it forms part of a widespread conspiracy, which, as soon as the King was safe out of the way in Germany, was intended to break out simultaneously at nine different points, while Zorrilla proclaimed the Republic. Zorrilla, who is believed to be directing operations from a small Pyrenean town, found plentiful support among the numerous retired officers who were placed in the reserve at the beginning of the present reign, owing to the great excess of superiors in the army, and who saw chances of promotion in the plot. But, either through dissensions among the conspirators, or by some misunderstanding, the revolt broke out prematurely, and so far the Government have managed to keep the troubles in check, while most of the insurgents themselves have collapsed ignominiously, and have received scant assistance from the civil population. Indeed, the revolt is exclusively military, and the only important evidence of civil sympathy is a rising of workmen in Barcelona. Finding their cause hopeless, the rebels have either taken flight or surrendered, declaring that they had been deceived by their officers, and in proof of their assertion the Logroño rebels shot the lieutenant who had led them out of the city. The majority of the garrison of Seo de Urgel, in Northern Catalonia, who also made a futile attempt of revolt, have given themselves up, the remainder flying into the little Republic of Andorra, while the refugees from Badajoz are being packed off from Portugal, and will be landed either at a French or English port.

Still, the situation is decidedly alarming, for the country is in a perfect ferment, and needs all the efforts of the Government to keep order. Thus brigands have taken the opportunity of the present disturbed conditions to rob train between Barcelona and Granoller. However, the Ministry have acted most promptly. The Constitutional guarantees are suspended and martial law is proclaimed, the rebels are being brought to justice, four of the chief sergeants having been shot already, and the King came at once to Madrid to superintend operations. The rising has produced the utmost demonstrations of good feeling towards the Monarchy from very unexpected quarters. Politicians of all shades crowd the Palace to offer their sympathy and aid, and the public in general strongly condemn the insurrection. King Alfonso will most probably give up his foreign tour, and he goes at once to the chief Spanish towns in the affected districts to review the troops. He has reviewed the Madrid garrison amid much enthusiasm, but it is greatly feared that the professed loyalty among the army is somewhat surface-deep. It is difficult to obtain a clear idea of the real state of affairs, as the Government afford very little information, and the reports of the state of Spain are most conflicting. The insurgents seem to meet with a good deal of sympathy from FRANCE, which is shrewdly suspected of providing material as well as moral assistance for Bourse purposes, the French speculators being suspected of subscribing 30,000£ towards the corruption of the soldiers in order that the Spanish stock might be "bared." The Spanish Ambassador in Paris wants to persuade the French Government to seize Señor Zorrilla.

But FRANCE just now is chiefly occupied with two matters which more nearly concern her—the Madagascar expedition, and the relapse of the Comte de Chambord. At present the French continue too weak to make a move in Madagascar, and the situation is further complicated by the resignation of Admiral Pierre through illness, while at home the Marine Minister has resigned from the same cause. Admiral Galibier goes out at once in charge with reinforcements, and a native militia is to be formed; and, while awaiting his action, the French Press are lauding what they call Mr. Gladstone's *amende honorable* in his Mansion House speech respecting the Madagascar dispute. The French Government have not yet published the official explanatory despatches respecting the incident, but recent accounts from Madagascar undoubtedly seem to prove the violence of the French officials, particularly in the case of the missionary, Mr. Shaw, charged with concealing Hova spies. Public opinion, however, treats the revelations very lightly, although there appears to have been very little exaggeration respecting the strained relations between the French Admiral and the commander of the British vessel *Dryad*. Indeed, they were made the subject of a special proclamation. Admiral Pierre rigidly curtails communication with the shore, and all letters pass through French hands. In Tonkin the French are reported to have begun hostilities, as they have blockaded Fouane-Ane, at the mouth of the river on which Hué is situated, preliminary to investing Hué itself.

Once more the Comte de Chambord is announced to be in a dying condition, the relapse having apparently been mainly produced by the imprudence of both the Comte and his attendants respecting diet. He was steadily improving, but the pains and weakness returned on Sunday, and he is in so critical a condition that the Orleans Princes are stated to have been summoned to Frohsdorf. He is totally unable to retain food, and is thus being almost starved to death, while he further suffers from delirium and fits of insensibility.

While Henri V. lies dying the Bonapartists have held a banquet on their old Fête Napoleon, last Wednesday, but the Republicans are too jubilant over their success in the elections for the Councils General to pay much attention to reactionary manifestations. Republican candidates have gained 121 seats from the Opposition, the Bonapartists being the chief sufferers, and particular satisfaction is felt that this success is chiefly in those districts where hitherto Republican ideas have been weakest. PARIS has been unveiling a monument at Courbevoie, commemorating the defence of the city in 1870. The ceremony was intended to be very imposing, but the Ministers stayed away to avoid speechifying, and only a few troops and some badly arranged Free-thinking Societies joined in a straggling march past. M. Uchard has lost his case accusing M. Sardou of plagiarism; and the only other Parisian items are the visit of the Burmese Embassy and M. Boland's refusal to divulge the name of the two Deputies involved in his financial scandal. The provinces are *festing* the Montgolfier centenary, and there has been a bad railway accident near Belfort.

The anti-Semitic feeling aroused in AUSTRIA by the late Tisza-Essler trial has broken out in serious riots at Pesth, where the Scharf family had taken refuge. The rabble of the town have attacked Jewish houses night after night, and the military have had great trouble to check the riots, which indeed threatened to extend all over the town. The troops were obliged to close certain quarters, and to patrol the streets, as the rioters were active with stones and pistols, while the terrified Jews dared not go to their synagogues even to attend their most solemn religious service of the year. Happily the riots have subsided, the Scharf family having fled, but similar attacks have been made on the Jews at Prague, while Vienna is now in a disturbed state, though from a different cause. There the workmen have risen, owing to the increase in the price of provisions, and the late severity towards Socialist proceedings, which is suspected to have led to the arrest of an English comrade now missing. The Viennese Jews, however, fear that the excitement will be turned against them, and watch with great alarm the condition of their brethren at Ekaterinoslav in RUSSIA, where the late riot took place. Coloured engravings, representing the sacrifice of Esther Solymosi, are circulated in the town, where a strong garrison are in command, and all trade is suspended.

Besides these Jewish troubles, AUSTRIA is heartily annoyed at the marriage of Princess Zorka of Montenegro with the Servian Pretender, Prince Karageorgevich, celebrated at Cettinje on Saturday, under the particular protection of Russia. The Emperor has invited King Milan, of Servia, to visit him this autumn, and this visit is generally considered as a proof of rivalry between Russia and Austria in the Balkan States—Austria as ostentatiously protecting King Milan as Russia favours Montenegro. King Milan was asked to the wedding, but refused, on the plea that he would not meet a member of the family who had assassinated his predecessor.

Emperor William of GERMANY has had a narrow escape from a serious accident, his coachman having run the carriage against a gate at Castle Babelsberg. Happily the Emperor was only shaken. A large Royal party is now gathered at Berlin to celebrate the christening to-morrow of Prince William's son. The King of Roumania and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are among the chief guests, many of whom will stay for the coming military manoeuvres. The Crown Prince and Princess, who have warm Italian sympathies, are showing the greatest interest in the Ischia disaster, and have organised a fund for the sufferers' relief. In ITALY itself several fresh shocks have been felt at Casamicciola and the neighbourhood, and a large fissure has opened on the southern slope of Mount Epomeo. There is now little hope of rescuing survivors, but every effort is being made to help the sufferers with money and clothing. The whole country has contributed most generously, and cheap wooden huts are being run up for the homeless in places pronounced safe by Professor Palmieri. It appears that frequent warnings of the disaster occurred throughout the island for a fortnight previous, and subterranean disturbances were felt all over Italy. Troubles are threatened abroad as well as at home, for the unsatisfactory relations with Morocco which have existed for some weeks have culminated in the Italian Consul at Tangier hauling down his flag.

Further weight of opinion is steadily accumulating in INDIA against the Ilbert Bill, and though the official reports will not be published until they have been submitted to the Secretary of State their purport is well known to be thoroughly hostile. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, indeed, openly condemned the Bill in replying to an Address from the Hooghly Municipality, and his speech is all the more noteworthy as being the first public opinion delivered by a high official. He considers that the measure would at present confer a privilege on two natives only, while offending the just susceptibilities of a large class, and that it diverts attention from the development of necessary reforms. This view he has embodied in a Minute to the Government questioning the fitness of natives to try Europeans, as they would be overawed by local opinion, and by the position of the offenders. Meanwhile reports are abroad that seditious letters have been seized, containing scraps of black cloth to be worn as mourning for the imprisoned editor of the *Bengalee*—now no longer needing such sympathy—and referring to the coming visit of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, which, by the way, is causing much agitation in the Punjab. But this district has another cause of excitement, as the long drought threatens the crops, both here and in the North-West Provinces.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Clerical trial in BELGIUM has ended in Canon Bernard's acquittal, as it was clearly proved that he acted under superior orders in carrying off the public money. The whole case has stirred up fresh strife between Catholics and Liberals, particularly as the former are highly indignant at the Electoral Reform Bill, introduced by the Government in return for certain Deputies helping to pass the additional taxes needed to cover the deficit in the Budget. This Bill, which has been passed intact, extends the suffrage to all who have passed the elementary standard in primary schools—a qualification which will totally exclude many taught in Church schools, where the educational standard is lower than in those under State control.—Brigands in TURKEY are becoming so audacious that they positively have carried off the Governor of Salonica from the middle of the town.—The commercial situation in the UNITED STATES is most unfavourable, owing to the numerous bank failures, which have caused a great depression in business circles.—Most contradictory reports respecting Cetewayo come from SOUTH AFRICA. It seems that the king is alive, but his whereabouts are doubtful. He is stated to be very slightly wounded, and to intend going to Maritzburg.



THE QUEEN leaves Osborne for Scotland next week. Meanwhile the Princess Beatrice has rejoined Her Majesty, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters remain with the Queen. On Saturday the Queen watched the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club from the terrace of Osborne House, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters joining the Prince and Princess of Wales on board

their yacht. Divine service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Royal Family on Sunday, when Canon Boyd Carpenter officiated; and afterwards the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and the three young Princesses of Wales lunched with the Royal party. Next morning the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family visited the Queen to take leave. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice arrived from Havre in the *Enchantress*, having spent two days in Paris on her way from Aix-les-Bains.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have left England for the Continent. They witnessed the closing yachting festivities at Cowes; and, though the Prince's schooner *Aline* was unsuccessful in the contest for the King of the Netherlands' Cup, meeting with an accident early in the race, his Una boat *Belle Lurette* won two races in the Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta on Saturday. The Prince and Princess and their daughters followed the contesting boats on a steam-launch, and in the evening went to some amateur theatricals at the Foresters' Hall, Cowes. They left on Monday for town, where they were joined by Prince Albert Victor; and in the evening the Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, went to the Adelphi Theatre. The Royal party started on Tuesday night; and, crossing in the *Invicta* from Dover to Calais, went on to Cologne, where they separated, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen going to Berlin, Prince Louis of Battenberg to Mayence, and the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge to Homburg, while the Princess and family travelled to Lübeck, whence the Danish Royal yacht, *Dannebrog*, conveyed them to Copenhagen. Here the Czarsina and her children and the King of Greece will shortly join the family party. The Prince will probably remain at Homburg till after the German military manoeuvres, will pay a short visit to Baden-Baden, and finally go to Copenhagen to fetch the Princess.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned home from Osborne at the end of last week, and on Saturday the Duchess and Princess Christian took part in an amateur concert at Ascot in aid of the restoration of St. Anne's Church, Bagshot. The Duchess sang two songs, and the Princess played several of Chopin's compositions. Yesterday (Friday) the Duke and Duchess were to visit Grimsby to open the People's Park, staying with Mr. and Lady Eleanor Heneage at Hainton, and on Monday they go to Norwich to open the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The Duke leaves England for his Indian command on November 1st, and will establish his headquarters at Meerut.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany have been visiting the Duchess's parents at Arlosen, and are now staying with the German Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These entertainments seem to be going on much in the same prosperous way to which of late years we have been accustomed. At any rate, the house is crowded nightly, and the programmes evidently meet public taste. To enter into details about concerts held six times successively during the week would hardly be expected of us, or even to speak of the various performers, vocal and instrumental, who, from time to time, appear. Such a review would occupy at least a column of our space. Meanwhile the "classical" (so-called) evenings have begun, when the whole first part of the programme is devoted to music of that especial class which every amateur sincerely, or affectedly, delights to honour. That of Wednesday was varied and interesting beyond the average. It would alone have satisfied all hearers capable of appreciating the highest aspirations of musical genius to listen to the magnificent performance of the first movement in Beethoven's violin concerto, by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, who, Englishman though he be, can hold his own with any violinist of our time. Then we had Schumann's pianoforte concerto, admirably executed by that rising artist, Madame Frickenhaus, which, in its way, afforded no less satisfaction. Add to these the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon* (a favourite piece in this country since it was first heard at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, we do not care to say how many years ago); the piquant ballet music from Schubert's *Rosamunde*; the two movements from the same composer's unfinished symphony in B minor, which, had it been completed, would (pace the great symphony in C) have been his orchestral masterpiece; and the much-extolled minut from one of Boccherini's quintets, played by all the stringed instruments—and the excellence of the selection must be apparent to any one conversant with this style of music. Besides these, vocal music from Handel, Weber, and Virginia Gabriel (who must have come in by accident), contributed by Miss Mary Lemmens (daughter of Madam Lemmens-Sherrington), Signor Foli, and Madame Enriquez, added to the attractions of this first and "classical" section of the evening's entertainment. The second and, we presume, *non-classical* part, which commenced with Vincent Wallace's revered old overture to *Maritana*, was purely miscellaneous, calling on vocalists and instrumentalists in fair proportion.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND LORTZING.—The Emperor Wilhelm was so much pleased with a recent performance of Lortzing's *Undine* at Wiesbaden that he has given orders to have it revived at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. The tuneful strains of Lortzing—who had a more legitimate right to be styled "The People's Composer" than Wenzel Müller, his precursor by many years, upon whom the title was at one period conferred by general consent—doubtless called back earlier times to His Majesty, and met with grateful recognition on his part. After the heavy task imposed upon him by the "advanced people," seven years since, at Bayreuth, when he had to sit patiently through the entire Trilogy of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, added to frequent inflictions of the same kind in his own capital and elsewhere, the old familiar strains must have fallen pleasantly on his ear, and by no means disagreeably influenced his annual sojourn at Bad-Ems, close by. Enough that, by Imperial command, Lortzing's *Undine* is to be revived at Berlin, which is equivalent to saying that every loyal subject will go to hear it, if only to test the judgment of him to whom all owe their fealty.

BAYREUTH (*correspondence*).—Abbé Liszt's reply to the body of artists who took part in the late representations of *Parsifal*, soliciting him to accept the dignity of President of their newly-formed Association, is brief and to the point:—"Whenever," he says, "it is proposed to do honour to Wagner I may be counted on. The question is, in what way I can be of such service as to warrant me in undertaking the responsibility." There are more ways than one, as Abbé Liszt himself is well aware. The question with him, however, is doubtless, why, at his advanced age, he should undertake the trouble and responsibility at all. It must be borne in mind that he did not honour with his presence last month any of the performances of Wagner's "Swan's Song" (not inaptly so denominated, seeing how, in Act I, Parsifal shoots the swan on wing to join its mate)—*cet œuvre miracle*, to use Listz's own expression, though it be.

MEMORIAL MONUMENTS.—A "Memorial Monument" to Kücken, the once popular *Lied* composer, is in contemplation. Where are these, in the majority of cases, unmeaning tributes to end? If a monument is to be erected to Kücken, surely Abt.

Proch, Silcher, &c., will be entitled to the same honour. The thing is being sadly overdone. Who ever thought of a similar distinction in favour of our own English Charles Horn, as an original melodist and graceful composer worth the three above-named Germans—with thrice as many more who might be named, were it worth the trouble—put together? And, after all, the author of that quaint and lively ballad with the burden, "Trab, trab, trab," made so popular by the late Jetty Treffz, more than thirty years since, at Julian's concerts, was not to be despised.

"MANON L'ESCAUT" AGAIN.—At the eleventh hour, M. Massenet appears suddenly to remember that an opera entitled *Manon L'Escaut*, built upon the famous story which forms the eighth and last volume of the *Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité*, by the Abbé Prévost, was written and produced many years ago at the Opéra Comique, by a certain Auber. "In order, therefore"—we are informed—"to prevent any chance of his opera being confounded with that of Auber" (as if there were any chance!), M. Massenet has condescended to abridge the title of his new work from *Manon L'Escaut* to simply *Manon*. How good of him! On the other hand, it would, perhaps, have been more discreet to leave the oft erring, ever fascinating, Manon alone, until Auber's perfect embodiment of the character passes out of men's minds—a thing neither to be wished for, nor likely, for a long time hence, to occur.

A NEW TRIUMPH FOR BERLIOZ.—*Benvenuto Cellini*, the opera by Hector Berlioz, disastrously failed at the Paris Grand Opera (Rue Lepelletier), some forty years ago, and it met with no better fate at our Royal Italian Opera in 1852. Lately, however, it was given at Leipzig, and received with absolute enthusiasm. Liszt, meanwhile, had produced it at Weimar, and, many years later, Dr. Hans von Bülow tried the same experiment at Hanover, but though it was faintly patronised by the "advanced people," who are in duty bound to accept whatever Liszt elects to bring forward, and who, for reasons best known to themselves, gaze upon Berlioz with a quasi-religious awe, or, as Wagner himself would have said, "with anxious polycoscopy," the result was anything but satisfactory, and the performances were "few and far between." Now, however, the scales are turned. The French Wagner is not only adopted by his compatriots, the Parisians especially, who scorned and repudiated him when living, but by the Germans also, with the most "advanced" of whom, until the Franco-German war, he was (as by the Prussians) always honoured and favoured in such wise as in a measure to console him for the neglect he experienced at home. At any rate, Leipzig, the city of Sebastian Bach and Mendelssohn, now receives him with open arms, and accords to his *Benvenuto Cellini*—about the uncourteous reception of which, when originally brought out in Paris (only to be paralleled by that vouchsafed many years subsequently to Wagner's *Tannhäuser* at the same theatre), Jules Janin, Berlioz's colleague in the *Journal des Débats*, wrote so eloquent and sympathetic a *feuilleton*—a greeting the unanimous cordiality of which would have truly rejoiced the heart of its contemplative and somewhat misanthropic composer. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur, &c.*

WAIFS.—The opera *Esmeralda*, by our compatriot Mr. Goring Thomas, is cited among the novelties to be produced during the forthcoming season at the Stadttheater in Cologne.—Madame Marcella Sembrich is about to be wedded to Herr W. Stengel, her earliest instructor in the vocal art.—Heinrich Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin* is to be revived shortly at the Imperial Opera in Vienna. Why do we in England never hear anything of Marschner? He was certainly the most gifted of Weber's disciples, and, moreover, excelled not merely in opera, but in other forms of composition.—M. Menier, for upwards of thirty years chief of the "claque" at the Odéon, Porte Saint-Martin, Gaîté, and Renaissance, died recently in Paris. His famous precursor, M. David, is still living, at the ripe age of ninety-six.—The Russian composer, Tschaikowski, has finished his new opera, *Mazeppa*, which is shortly to be produced at the National Opera House in St. Petersburg.—M. Barrias, the sculptor, has completed his plaster statuette of "Mozart, the Child, Tuning his Violin," for the ensuing Triennial Exhibition in Paris.—Madame Marie Durand, who made so vivid an impression at Mr. Gye's theatre as the heroine of Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, is engaged for the five months' season of Italian opera in St. Petersburg, which commences, on the 1st of October, with Boito's *Mefistofele*, in which she is to sustain the dual character of Margherita and Helen of Troy. That she will also appear as Gioconda may be taken for granted.



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH is now so much better that bulletins of his health are issued only every other day. It will be impossible, however, to speak of him as convalescent until the dangerous peritoneal abscess has been cured.

A MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF MR. GREEN was held this week at St. John's, Miles Platting, and was attended by Mr. Green himself, Sir Percival Heywood, the patron of the living, and his nominee, the Rev. H. Cowgill. All took a hopeful view of the future treatment of the Ritualists in the Church, and Sir P. Heywood informed the meeting that his suit against the Bishop of Manchester, which would have been heard in July had not the Judges been obliged to go on Circuit, would now be decided in November next. The decision, he thought, would be in his favour. If not he was informed that he would lose the presentation to the living.

THE DEAN OF CHESTER has decided to appeal to the public for funds to enable him to restore the Cathedral in accordance with the designs of Mr. Blomfield, the successor of Sir Gilbert Scott in the office of architect. The sum required is £15,000, and the payments will be spread over three years. Mrs. Platt, of Stalybridge, has given £2,000 for a mosaic pavement.

CARDINAL MANNING'S USUAL VISIT TO ROME, postponed this year in consequence of his serious illness, will now be made in the latter part of October, and will last two months, enabling him to return before the commencement of the Christmas season at home.

A PAPAL BRIEF, it is said, will soon be issued to Cardinal McCabe, directing him to call a meeting of the ecclesiastical personages entitled to a vote on such occasions—the members of the Metropolitan Chapter and the parish priests of his Diocese—to select three names, out of which the Pope will choose one as coadjutor Bishop *cum jure successionis*. The last time such a meeting was called was fifty-seven years ago, when Dr. Murray was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Troy. The assistant provided for Cardinal Cullen in 1877 was simply an auxiliary Bishop, without right of succession. According to the *Daily News* the choice most welcome to the Dublin clergy would be that of Dr. Walsh, P.P. of St. Michael and St. John. Other names mentioned are Canon Fricker and Canon Donnelly.

CANON BARRY will retain the Principalship of King's College till Christmas, but his successor will be appointed in the interim. Applications must be sent in by Oct. 13th.

THE BAPTIST UNION FOR WALES has been holding its Annual Meeting at Ebbw Vale. Great confidence in Mr. Gladstone was

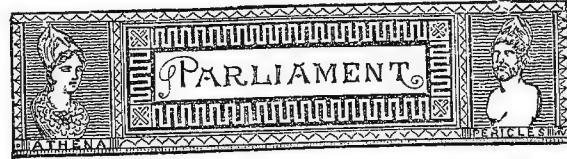
expressed by the assembled members, and a suggestion was made that if any wholesale measure of Disestablishment for the United Kingdom was impracticable, Welsh Dissenters should agitate in favour of special legislation for the Principality. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Llangefui, was recommended for the vacant Vice-Chairmanship of the Union.

THE CHAPLAINCY of the English Church, in Paris, has been offered to and accepted by the Rev. T. Howard Gill, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Trowbridge, Wilts. Mr. Gill, who belongs to the Evangelical party in the Church, hopes to enter on the work of his new office in October.

THE MEMORIAL to the late Bishop Colenso will take the form of an enlargement of the Cathedral at Pietermaritzburg.

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, "the apostle of the Bechuanas," translator of the Scriptures into their language, and father-in-law to Dr. Livingstone, died on the evening of the 9th, at Leigh, in Kent, at the great age of eighty-eight. He had worked in Africa for fifty-four years without a break, returning to this country in 1870. His iron constitution had at last succumbed to the inability to sleep, from which he had been many years a sufferer, though the immediate cause of death was the rupture of a blood vessel on the 8th.

THE NEW JERUSALEM (SWEDENborgian) CHURCH celebrated the Centenary of its foundation, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Thursday. At the Annual Conference, the Rev. Dr. Bayley was nominated President for the session. Dr. Bayley was one of the two selected speakers—the other being Cobden—at the first Anti-Corn Law meeting, in the Manchester Corn Exchange, and convenor of the first meeting to sympathise with the North in the American Civil war.



BUSINESS is going forward in both Houses of Parliament with leaps and bounds. From the earliest period a very wholesome conviction was enforced that the Government meant to pass certain Bills, and that when they were passed the prorogation would take place, but not before. Against this the Opposition fought as long as town was full and London pleasant. But after Goodwood, party sternness and political asperity broke down, speech-making became less frequent, and Bills began to move. Since then the number of Members in attendance has daily decreased, and progress of business has been correspondingly accelerated. Whether Parliament has hit upon the best way of doing business is a matter on which the public doubtless has its opinion. To talk incessantly through six months, and in the seventh to sit night and day hurrying Bills through in a nearly empty and altogether wearied House, does not on the face of it appear a plan that recommends itself for general acceptance. It is, however, the plan which Parliament adopts, and as there is no prospect of its supercession, we must make the best of it.

As usual the House sat on Saturday, but practically its labours were in vain. Sir Hardinge Giffard claimed the privilege and the pleasure of raising a discussion on the New Rules promulgated for the direction of the Supreme Court of Judicature. With the wonderful appetite for gratuitous speech-making in the House of Commons which lawyers display, there was no difficulty in getting together sufficient learned gentlemen to stretch speeches over a period of five hours long. If need were this could easily have been extended to fifteen hours. But it will be understood it was a very dreary performance. At no time were more than a dozen Members present, though when it came to the division 120 members flocked in and sagely voted "Aye" or "No" on the intricate technical question at issue. It is painful to think what would have happened supposing the odd hundred members had been taken on one side and catechised as to the meaning and bearing of the Rules on which they thus decided. But that also is a way they have in Parliament, and the 120 Members, having done their duty to their country and their constituents, went their way back to the smoking-room, the reading-room, or the library, to wait till the division bell rang again.

Another measure submitted to the House on Saturday was the extension of the Bankruptcy Bill to Ireland. The adoption of this course had been urged upon the President of the Board of Trade with the interests of the commercial classes in Ireland. With a full knowledge of what happens when Irish members are concerned with Bills, Mr. Chamberlain had shown no alacrity in adopting this suggestion. When sixty-two Members, including Mr. Parnell, memorialised him to extend the Bill, he was not able to hold out. But whilst the Bill was very well for Ireland as a whole, it was very bad for Dublin, or rather for what was several times alluded to during the debate, as "a small clique of lawyers" in that city. Like the Silversmith in ancient Ephesus, they found their business threatened, and they took steps to prevent the catastrophe. They engaged Mr. Callan and one or two others of that calibre, and instructed them at all hazards, and in all ways, to see the Bill did not become law this Session. It was not a difficult task at the period of the year reached. Three hours of Saturday's sitting were taken up in discussing whether the House should go into Committee, and begin to discuss the Irish clauses. At the end of that time Mr. Gladstone was convinced, the clauses were withdrawn, and Ireland left to reckon with Mr. Callan and the other representatives of the Dublin lawyers.

Relieved from the incubus of the Irish clauses, the Bankruptcy Bill on Tuesday not only passed the report stage, but amid general cheering was read a third time. The carrying of this Bill is, take it for all in all, the chiefest legislative triumph of the Session. Within the last ten years many attempts have been made to amend the Bankruptcy Act. It has been tried in the Lords, and essayed in the Commons, always with the result that, with the earliest leaves which fall from the park trees in August, the Bankruptcy Bill dropped and disappeared. That its fate this Session would have been the same but for the action of the Grand Committees, no one can doubt. To pilot it through the Grand Committee was a point of much difficulty and delicacy. On Tuesday night the Conservatives vied with the Liberals in lauding Mr. Chamberlain's skill. But for the Grand Committee there would have been no Bankruptcy Bill, and, judging from what happened in the other Grand Committee of which Sir Henry James had charge, but for Mr. Chamberlain the Bill would not have passed the Grand Committee in a form and amid circumstances that rendered fresh controversy in the House almost impossible. Such proved to be the case on Tuesday. Mr. Dixon-Hartland, one of the stoutest opponents of the Bill in the Grand Committee, acknowledged that the Bill was now as nearly as possible perfect, and joined in the tribute paid by Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Norwood to the part Mr. Chamberlain had played in bringing about this result. It was felt that not only was the Bankruptcy Bill saved, but that the fate of the experiment of Grand Committees, trembling in the balance, was now removed from the region of anxiety.

Whilst the Commons have thus been making progress with their Bills, filling up interstices of time with consideration of Supply, the Lords have been bowling along at their usual pace. On Thursday, they read the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill a second time, and on Friday passed it through Committee. Here, as with the English Bill, they introduced serious amendments, which, avowedly, will

either have to be struck out or in the House of Commons, or the Bill must be dropped. There is no doubt which course will be taken; nor is there much uncertainty as to the spirit in which the Lords will receive this fresh rebuke. What is everywhere marvelled at is the fatuity with which Lord Salisbury habitually at the close of successive Sessions parades the House of Lords for conflict with the Commons, a demonstration which invariably ends pacifically. Like the famous Duke of York, Lord Salisbury marches his men to the top of the hill and then marches them down again. The noble lord is a man of such conspicuous ability that there doubtless must be some profound justification for this policy. It certainly is not apparent on the surface. It is understood that the Lords mean to assert their independence in other ways, throwing out the Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill and the Scotch Local Government Board Bill. With respect to the former, there is not likely to be much excitement should this prognostication prove correct. But there will be much uproar if a Bill against which only twenty-nine Conservatives could be mustered for a division in the House of Commons, should be peremptorily thrown out in the House of Lords.

Pending the arrival of this provocation, the Irish Members have been thoroughly enjoying themselves in the House of Commons. On Monday they had a notable field night. The Irish votes in Supply have been put off from time to time with the deliberate intention of meeting the fullest amount of convenience. There has been no circumlocution or make-believe about the matter. It is recognised by the Government that strictly, from a business point of view, it was necessary that before the Session closed the Irish Members should make a rumpus, and so recommend themselves to the sustained affections of their constituents. The only matter of conjecture was how this necessity might be met with the least disadvantage to public business. In further pursuit of this consideration, the evil day was constantly put off. On Monday it was no longer possible to defer it, and full notice being given to the Irish Members, all their Members were summoned, and the night handed over to them, as, once a year, "legitimate drama," is suspended at Drury Lane, and the extravagance of pantomime takes its place. It was a very mechanical and dreary performance—worse even than a pantomime. Having no real grievances, the Irish Members after the manner of mankind in such circumstances exaggerated their complaint, Mr. Healy, Mr. Harrington, and Mr. O'Brien vying with each other in the coarseness and violence of their vituperation. When they felt they had done enough they stopped as suddenly as if a tap were turned off somewhere, and, without further comment or controversy, the Irish votes on the paper were agreed to. Since then comparative peace has reigned in the House. The Scotch Local Government Board Bill was discussed in Committee on Wednesday, Thursday and to-day (Friday) have been given up to Supply, to which Saturday would also be devoted, with the design of bringing about the prorogation on the 25th.



THE TURF.—The Lewes meeting at the end of last week certainly scored a success, though what should have been one of its principal handicaps only brought three starters to the post. This was the Lewes Handicap, and was won by Seahorse, who beat Berzenze and Reata. Superba continued her victorious career by winning the Astley Stakes, and Reprieve hers by taking the South of England Breeders' Stakes. Simmel, the outsider of a party of nine, won the De Warrenne Scurry. Pircus was credited with the Hamsey Welter, and Exile II. with the Eccentric Free Handicap, while Faillie scored in both the Town Plate and Members' Cup on the last day of the meeting.—Stockton always affords good sport, and the meeting there this week was no exception to the rule. Border Minstrel took the Great Northern Leger, Wild Mint being the only animal pulled out to oppose him. The hitherto unbeaten Irish mare, Wild Shot, beat the favourite Lively and three others for the Lambton Plate; the Hardwicke Stakes for Two-Year-Olds were credited to Richmond, and Lady Adelaide beat ten others for the Garbutt Welter.—The racing at Kempton Park and Windsor has also been very fair.—The entries have been published for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. For the former there are 111, as against 104 last year, and for the latter 136, which is one short of last year.—A new racecourse is being laid out about four miles from Hull. Among its "promoters" are the Duke of Westminster, Mr. L. de Rothschild, Lord Rosebery, and Captain Machell.—Backers of Leger horses have experienced terrible discomfiture this week in the scratching of Galliard and Hamako; while Elzevir seems under a cloud.

CRICKET.—At the Oval, large assemblages have witnessed the match between Surrey and Leicestershire, which resulted in the victory of the former by ten wickets. For the Home county, Mr. Bainbridge made a good 60, and Mr. Diver, who seems daily improving, a splendidly-hit 84. The two "not-outs" in the second innings were Mr. Diver, with 32, and Mr. Read, with 31.—The Canterbury Week ended in another disaster for Kent, which, notwithstanding Lord Harris's 79 and 32, was beaten by Middlesex by nine wickets. For the latter Mr. C. T. Studd made 105 (not out).—Gloucestershire has won its first victory this year by beating Somersetshire, and its second by doing ditto in the return match.—The Lancashire and Notts match, on the Old Trafford Ground, owing to the rain unfortunately ended in a draw, but in favour of Lancashire.—Hampshire, which has recently been struggling well to regain somewhat of its old cricket fame, may be congratulated on its defeat at Southampton of the Uppingham Rovers, a most creditable performance, as the Rovers have not known defeat since 1879. The Hampshire victory was won by 89 runs.—At Lord's, the M.C.C. has been beaten by Bedfordshire by four wickets. For the county, Mr. H. G. Tylecote scored 151 and 29 (not out).—In the annual match at Cobham Park, the seat of the Earl Darnley, between the Royal Engineers and Cobham, the soldiers made but a miserable total in their first innings, 9 being the highest score of any player, and not one marking double figures. For Cobham, the Hon. Ivo Bligh made 118.—In the article on "Famous Cricketers" last week R. Pilling was inadvertently spoken of as a Yorkshire, instead of a Lancashire player.

SWIMMING.—The race for the Mile Amateur Swimming Championship took place at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, on Saturday last. There were eight starters, all first-class swimmers, and E. C. Daniels, Captain of the North London S.C., who was second last year, won easily enough. His time was 31 min. 40 3-5 sec.—"Marquis Bibber," the celebrated American swimmer, has publicly announced his intention of attempting the feat in which Captain Webb recently failed. It is also stated that a young Frenchman, of the name of Holarion Balsan, from the Aveyron, is on his way to America on the same errand.

SHOOTING.—The grouse had an extra day's holiday on the 12th, as it fell on a Sunday, and almost another day on the Monday in many Northern districts, as wind and rain prevented hundreds of sportsmen getting out on their moors, and those that did get out doing much. Since then matters have mended, and the reports from shooting quarters confirm the anticipation that the season is an average one, and in some parts even more. On Monday 225,



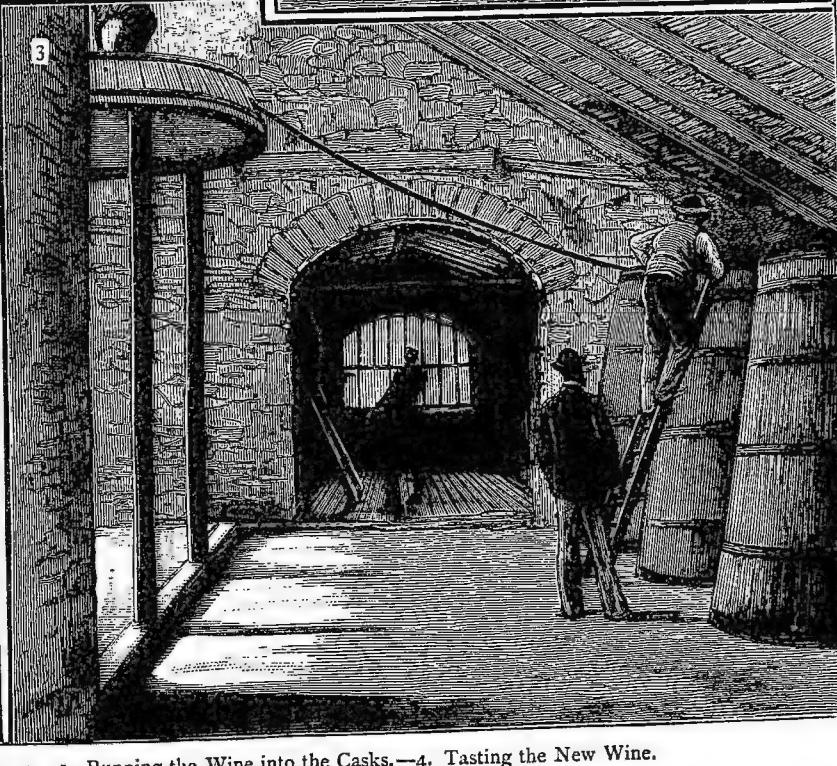
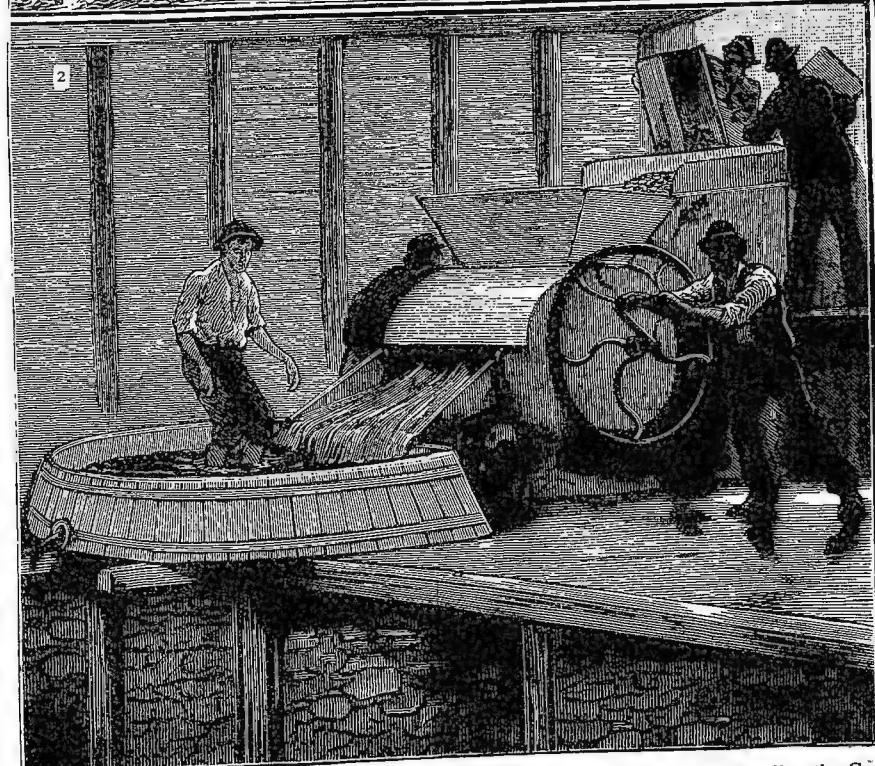
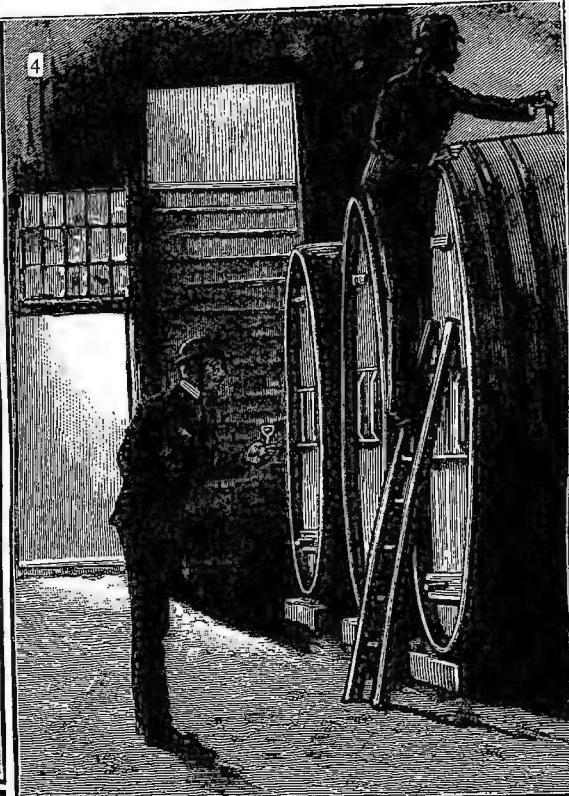
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS OF KARS
Died July 26, 1883, Aged 83.



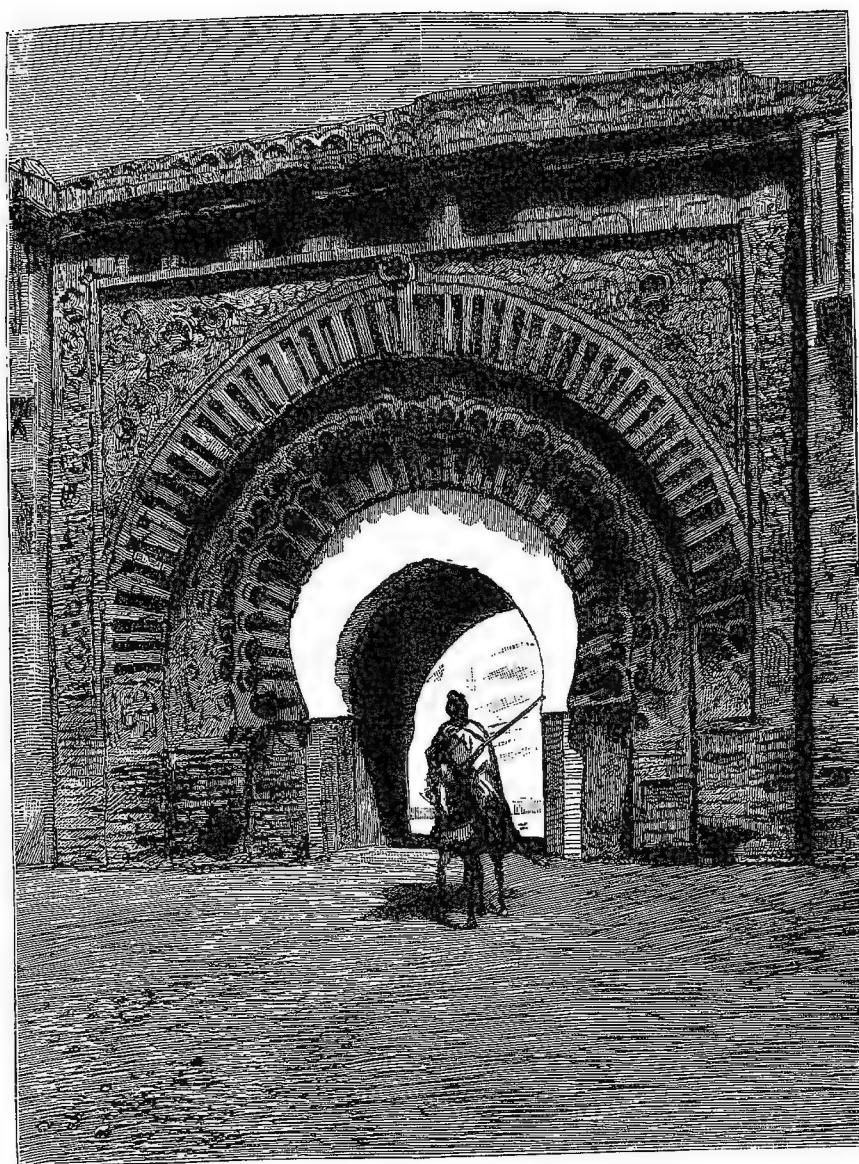
SIDI HADJ ABDESLAM BEN SIDI HADJ ALARBI, GRAND CHERIF
OF WAZAN, PRINCE OF MOROCCO



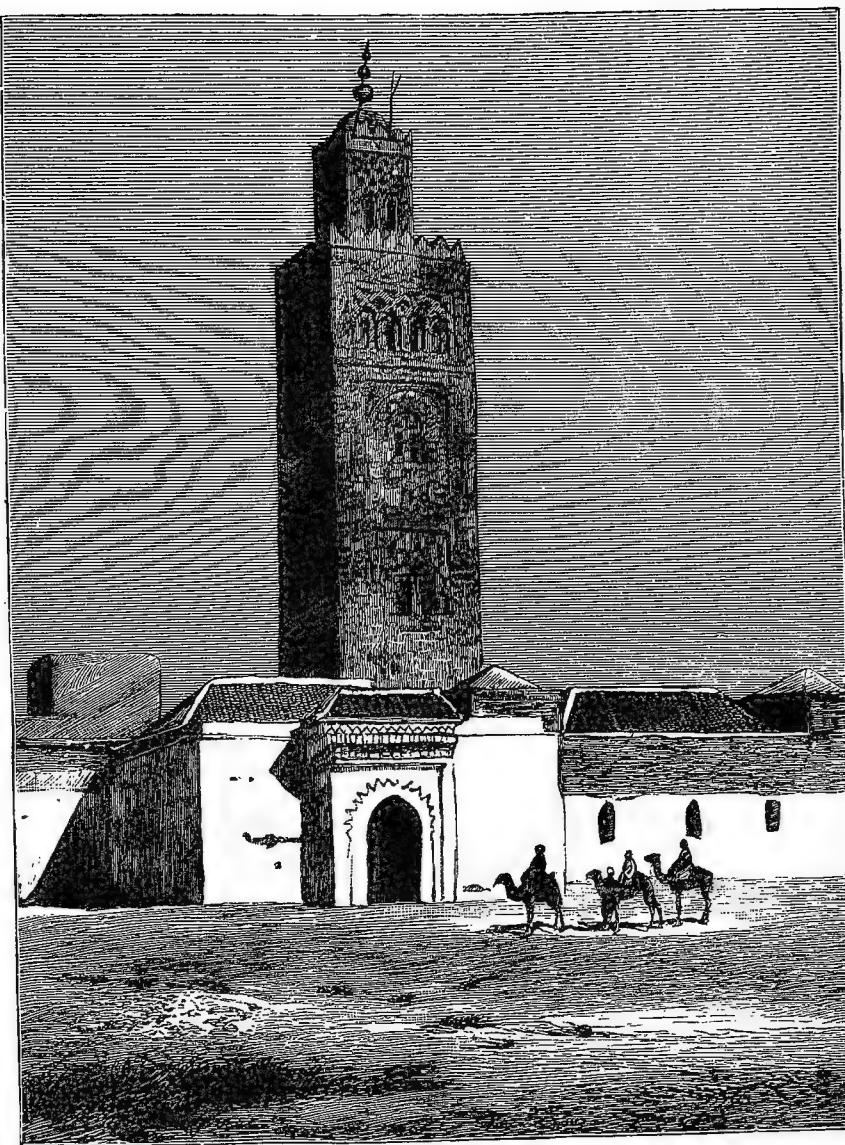
THE CHERIFA OF WAZAN, *née* MISS KEENE
PRINCESS OF MOROCCO



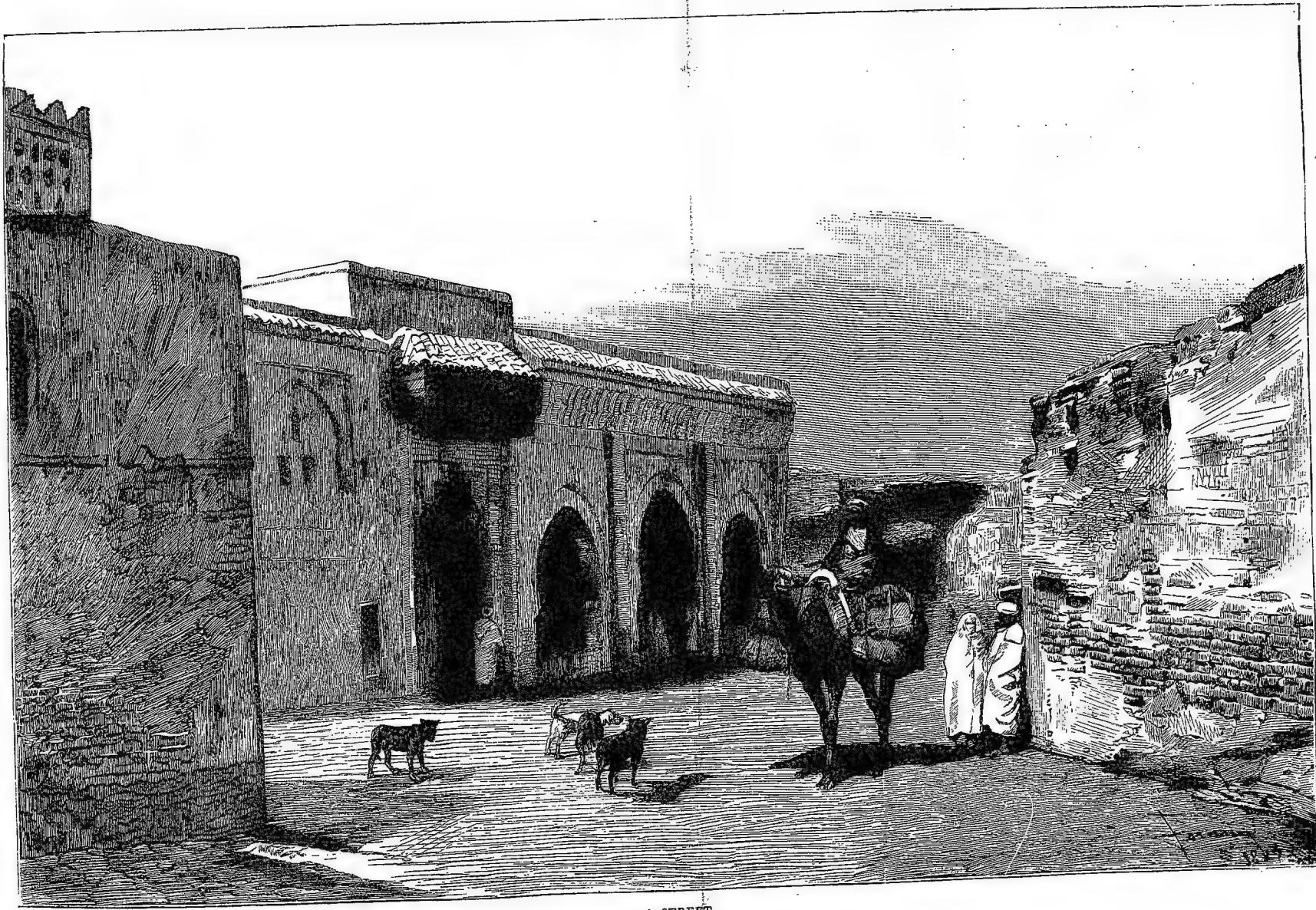
1. The Vintage : Picking the Grapes.—2. Grinding and Treading the Grapes.—3. Running the Wine into the Casks.—4. Tasting the New Wine.
WINE-GROWING IN AUSTRALIA—ST. HUBERT'S VINEYARDS, VICTORIA



THE KASBAH GATE



MOSQUE OF THE KUTUBIA

A STREET
AN ARTIST'S NOTES IN MOROCCO, III.

brace were asked for grouse in Leadenhall Market, but in provincial towns northwards about 10s. to 12s. was the ruling price.

SEVERAL NUMBERS of a new weekly journal entitled *Ashore or Afloat* have appeared. It is one of the best done of the many literary ventures of recent years, and, as it deals with almost every sport and pastime in vogue among us, it seems secure of a large circle of supporters. The different departments are under the editorships of gentlemen well known both as proficient writers and experts in the pastimes with which they deal.



SUMMER holidays are doubtless very necessary for the health both of actors and managers, who, as a rule are a hard-working race. Still the state of "business" has evidently much to do with the matter of vacations; and, as a rule, the prospect of a full house, whether in summer or winter, is quite sufficient to ensure a theatre being kept open. The PRINCESS's, which only closed the other day, re-opens again this evening with *The Silver King*, of which the well-deserved popularity is far from being exhausted; while the HAYMARKET, which has only been closed for a few days, will resume the representations of *Fidora* next month. The GAIETY, as is well known, is so prosperous under Mr. Hollingshead's management, that, like Bentham's ideal Temple of Justice, its doors are never closed from year's end to year's end. The regular company will return next month, when we learn that a burlesque upon *The Tempest*, by Mr. Burnand—even so far does the irreverence of the age extend—will be performed for the first time under the title of *Ariel*. The LYCEUM, as already announced, re-opens this day fortnight with Miss Mary Anderson, the American actress, and her American company in *Ingomar, the Barbarian*—a translation in verse of a celebrated German play, originally brought out at Drury Lane theatre many years ago, with Miss Vandenhoff in the leading female character.

The comic business in the new romantic drama entitled *Freedom* at DRURY LANE has been considerably curtailed, much to the comfort of the judicious spectator. There is, as the proverb tells us, a time for all things; and the time for the riotous proceedings of a pantomime harlequinade is clearly the Christmas holidays. Unfortunately, this revision of Messrs. Rowe and Harris's play tends still further to limit the functions of some excellent comedians in the company: but that is but a small objection compared with the risk of provoking such a remonstrance as that which proceeded from many parts of the theatre on the evening of the first performance. For splendour and picturesqueness, and for rapid succession of exciting incidents, *Freedom* has scarcely been equalled by any piece of its class produced on Drury Lane stage under the present management.

Mr. Hollingshead, in partnership with Mr. J. L. Hume, has taken the GLOBE Theatre for a term. The house will open under their management on the 8th of September, when a new comedy, written by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Sydney Grundy, and entitled *The Glass of Fashion*, will be performed for the first time.

Probably no gentleman living has been the subject of more portraits than Mr. Irving. The forthcoming sumptuously-printed biographical sketch, by Mr. Austin Brereton, will comprise no fewer than fifteen portraits of this popular performer, chiefly in costume, after drawings by Messrs. Edwin Long, R.A., J. A. McNeil Whistler, J. Barnard, Val. Bromley, D. T. White, J. Fulleylove, and Mrs. Allingham.

The COURT Theatre, under the management of the new lessees, Messrs. John Clayton and Arthur Cecil, will reopen with a new comedy early in October.

Miss Virginia Bateman has been engaged to appear at the ADELPHI Theatre.

Mr. Toole commenced an extensive professional tour this week at the new theatre at Eastbourne.

Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance in England since her return from America on the stage of the PRINCE'S Theatre, Manchester, on Monday last. She played the part of Julia in Tobin's comedy of *The Honeymoon*. Her reception was very cordial.

BUDA-PESTH

OF all the Continental capitals, probably none is less familiar than that of Hungary; yet it is full of interest (enhanced by recent events), and is only a few hours' journey by rail from the much-frequented city of Vienna. It is true that some of the finest bits of the beautiful blue Danube are to be found above the Austrian metropolis, as at Linz. No one, however, can claim acquaintance with all the charms of that noble river who has not followed its course into Hungary. In many of its picturesque windings the Danube certainly rivals the better-known Rhine. Its steamers are interrupted by fewer stoppages at town stations, but there is no lack of luxuriant vineyards or of lofty crags, crowned by venerable ruins, with a frequent glimpse of the Carpathian range of mountains, forming a majestic background. Confined within a regular but somewhat tortuous channel, the river here presents a singular contrast to its appearance below Pesth. There the mountains and hills recede from its banks, leaving us to wander through part of that immense plain which stretches almost from the northern to the southern confines of Hungary. Islands, several of them many miles in length, some green and wooded, others sandy, stony, and desert, are embraced by the hundred arms of the mighty stream. The Danube now runs riot hither and thither in the plain, as if not knowing in its newly-acquired liberty which course to take, and thus expending its force—like a youth let loose upon the world—in barren shallow purposes. How different the deserted look of most of these lower islands from the Margarethen Insel, which is reached just before the panoramic view of Buda unfolds itself before the traveller's admiring gaze! Upon this favoured isle the Archduke Joseph has spent several millions of florins, partly in laying out its pretty parks and gardens, a popular haunt of the Viennese. Both before and after passing this attractive resort the tourist will observe with interest the number of anchored water-mills, in which the regular flow of the river is utilised for the grinding of Hungarian flour.

The journey from Vienna by rail, although more rapid, is less striking; yet not without many features of natural and historic interest, especially near Pressburg, which has shared the notoriety of neighbouring towns for recent persecutions of Jewish inhabitants. The line traverses numerous rich vineyards, at a considerable height above the river, on the farther side of which, nestling at the foot of well-wooded hills, are seen here and there red-tiled villages, each with its white-painted church as a prominent object in the landscape. But soon the "iron horse" brings us to the twin-city. In its main streets some peculiarities at once strike the stranger. Upon the shutters folded back from most of the shop windows there are exhibited pictorial presentations—not always artistic—of the class of goods offered for sale. This form of advertisement is in addition to the usual signboards, on many of which, according to Hungarian custom, the tradesman's surname precedes his Christian name. Both sound oddly enough to English ears. Amid an array of patricianics

by no means euphonious or easy to pronounce, it is quite a relief to recognise at conspicuous establishments the names of two or three well-known English firms of agricultural implement makers. Their enterprise in opening branches here is not, however, rewarded with a monopoly of the trade. Many native firms follow the same line of business, a sure symptom of quickened interest in the improved cultivation of the land.

One of the best views of the quaint capital of Hungary may be had from the centre of its handsome suspension bridge, erected by an English engineer. On the sloping right bank of the river lies old Buda, with its Palatine palace, hanging gardens, and time-honoured citadel, which was for a century and a half in the hands of the Turks. Beyond this city of mediæval souvenirs and historic deeds there rises still higher the huge uncouth mass of the Blocksberg, with an observatory on its summit, and suburbs clinging to its side. The ancient city is crowned by the stately Royal palace erected for Maria Theresa, and containing more than two hundred apartments. Its flower-decked terraces command a splendid view of the Danube, and of Pesth on the opposite bank. That other half of the Hungarian capital—still peculiar and old-fashioned in some respects—is being rapidly beautified, and now represents modern ideas, just as Buda, proudly towering on its rocky height, is typical of bygone centuries. Hotels and public buildings, with no small pretensions in architecture, line the quays of Pesth. The terrible inundation of 1838, which undermined so great a portion of the city, destroyed much that was old, and shabby, and tottering. Upon the space left clear by what was then swept away, new thoroughfares have been formed, but in some of the remoter streets there may yet be found a few dwellings of the old Hungarian aristocracy. These are built in the heavy but not unpicturesque style of the last century, flanked by shady, quiet gardens, which look very inviting as a drowsy shelter from the warmth of Midsummer sunshine. At times, when the temperature is almost tropical, the natives may be seen lolling, half-dressed, at their shop doors; other loungers, lazzaroni-like, sleep away the idle hours in snug corners on the quays; little boys and old women enjoy a cheap and cooling feast of grapes and luscious water-melons. Another trait of the *al fresco* life of the Pesthers is afforded by their wooden amphitheatre, the semi-circle of boxes and pit being, in summer, open to the sky. So is the stage on which the actors play their parts in sylvan drama, among real bushes, flowers, and trees. Whether due to the intermingling of races or other cause, the Hungarian character is a strange combination of nobleness and languor, of idleness and ardour, of Orientalism and refinement. In few cities can a picturesque variety of population be seen better than, at certain seasons, in Buda-Pesth. Within an hour, the visitor may meet dashing Austrian dragoons, Greek ecclesiastics, peasants from the Wallachian frontier, or native nobles, wearing light embroidered pantaloons, braided cloaks, and fur caps with feathers. For a good look at these showy peculiarities of costume, stroll out any Sunday afternoon to the Stadtwaldschen, a favourite resort at the eastern side of the town. Local chronicles relate that most of the inhabitants took refuge here during the bombardment in 1849. It contains a large pond, used for boating in summer and skating in winter. On the Buda side of the river there is an ancient little chapel, which is said to have been used as a mosque during the Turkish occupation. It is built over the grave of a sheikh, and above the dome rises a turret adorned with the distinctive half moon of Islamism. The obligation to preserve this old monument forms the subject of a special clause in the Peace of Karlowitz, concluded between the Emperor and the Porte in 1699. But studious readers must be referred to other sources for an adequate account of the historical associations which add their interest to the natural charms of Buda-Pesth.

J. D. S.

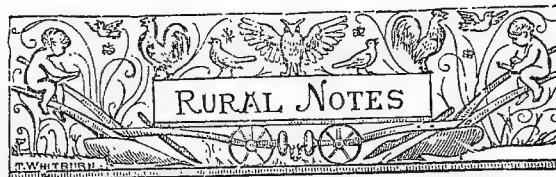
the swallow be the more graceful bird, the sparrow is the more constant, braving all weathers for our company. Nor can we call the bird of Lesbia vulgar, or deny him a classical fame with the mournful Procne. We must, however, protest against his outrages on his peaceful neighbours. Not content with taking tithe of the farmer's stores, the sparrow, though well lodged and well fed himself, never hesitates to eject the unfortunate swallows and martins from their nests, breaking their eggs, and so harrying the parent birds that from localities where sparrows are especially numerous swallows and martins have been almost completely expelled. The remedy is unpleasant; but it is obvious. In one farm it is known as a gun; in another as sparrow clubs. The sparrows must be kept under. The swallows consume more insects, rob less corn, and while swallows' preservation to us depends on our energies in keeping the sparrows down, there is no reasonable fear at present of sparrows becoming too rare. Let farmers then encourage their boys and men to form sparrow clubs, and lest the use of a gun should degenerate into a stupid "potting" of all birds, let them give a small sum for so many sparrows, with a forfeit, if possible, on the slaughter of linnets, thrushes, &c. The swallow's flight is too swift and erratic for the ordinary rustic gun.

YARROW.—A contemporary having called yarrow a weed, is answered by a correspondent with the assertion that it is, on the contrary, one of the most valuable pasture plants, much liked of sheep, used by big seed firms in their mixtures, and by no means to be ignored by the careful farmer of pasture. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that a little of it is good in a pasture, but not too much. It is a mild astringent, and has tonic properties which make it of value in the Middle Ages, before quinine was discovered. The use of a decoction of this plant as a hair lotion has gradually died out, but, in some parts, it is still chewed as a remedy for toothache, and the Swedes make a drink of its boiled leaves. The yarrow is one of our few aboriginal plants. The early English called it gearwe, and it probably was here before they came.

CLIMBING PLANTS not unfrequently injure the trees which they make their support, but such an accusation cannot be brought against climbing roses, which, with the present reaction in favour of "natural" gardening, may be expected to grow in favour at the expense of the fashionable "standards." A very strong free sort of rose to plant at the foot of trees is the *Limone vibert*, which flowers abundantly in large clusters, and bears pink and white blossoms of very good form. The plants should be given a good start by breaking up the soil to a good depth and heavily manuring it, when the roses should be planted properly, in the autumn, by having their roots spread out, and the ground mulched after covering them in. The rose cannot be planted better than at the foot of an old oak, but Lombardy poplars, beech trees, and also fruit trees have the advantage of stout stems, on which boughs do not break until a respectable height of tree has been obtained.

THE EPPING FOREST MEDAL

THE medal in commemoration of the opening of Epping Forest to the public has been executed, by order of the Corporation of London, by Mr. Charles Wiener, of Brussels, engraver and sculptor to the King of Holland. It represents on one side the portrait of Her Majesty the Queen in profile. The artist has taken advantage



THE HARVEST.—Elaborate returns to the Farmer from nearly five hundred practical agriculturists enable us to form an unusually good estimate, if not of what the harvest actually is, at all events of what corn-growers themselves think of their corn. The result, as compared with last year, is that wheat is reckoned at 93·6 per cent. of an average crop, whereas last year it was 95·0 per cent. of a full mean. Barley is reckoned at 101·2 against 95·1, and oats at 100·5 against 108·0. Thus the year cannot be called a bad one for the cultivator of cereals, though the deficiency of the leading staple will undoubtedly cast a shadow over the harvest prospects, and materially reduce the farmer's profits. The reduced wheat acreage will cease to be deplored when it is seen that wheat has yielded less favourably per acre than either barley or oats. Wheat, in fact, is estimated as giving only 26·2 bushels per acre, against a mean of 28·0 bushels; while barley gives 35·0 bushels, against 34·6; and oats 40·2 bushels, against a 40 bushels' average.

POTATOES should be a good crop this year, for disease has not spread as many feared it would with the over-average rainfall of July. The tubers are hardening into perfect ripeness, and they are very numerous, though not of great size. The large yield of potatoes promised in Ireland and in Germany, as well as in England, should add materially to the world's food resources of 1883-4. The wheat yield being smaller than last year in the British Islands, in France, and in Central Europe, the yield of potatoes becomes invested with more than usual importance. That the fine yield is against an enormous consequence to the Irish peasantry is well known.

CIDER should be cheap and abundant this autumn, for disease has not spread as many feared it would with the over-average rainfall of July. The apples are commencing to ripen, and the juice afterwards pressed out through horse-hair cloths. A great point in cider-making is to watch the fermentation, and afterwards to keep the liquor fed with corn. A touch of hops might profitably be added. Workmen usually prefer beer to cider now, but the latter is a delightful drink of a most healthy character, and the chief difficulty is to get it good. The man who should have to drink Normandy cider after Devonshire would scarcely believe the two drinks could be made from the same fruit.

THE DISC HARROW is an agricultural implement seldom seen in England, yet the Australian and American farmers use it most extensively, and on land which is not more rough or unclean than much of the land to be seen in England on all but the smartest farms. The disc harrows cut the clods and reduce the field surface to a fine friable mould. The harrows are generally six feet wide, but they are made up to double that width. The disc is a steel plate one foot in diameter, and forged to a spindle which revolves when the harrow is drawn forward. They are fixed about six inches apart, and they are sharp enough to break the earth, but not to cut the corn. The use of this implement might be profitably extended in this country, as its use gives for the surface of the ground a bed of good, fine, and kindly tilth.

SWALLOWS OR SPARROWS?—The diminishing numbers of martins and swallows force upon the countryman's notice the question indicated in the above heading. We are no enemies of the sparrow. We should miss his cheerful audacity in our great cities, and we don't grudge him his recreation in the country. If

of the veil usually worn by Her Majesty to recall her sovereignty over India. She wears the Royal Crown, the robes of State, and the English and Indian orders. On the border, surrounding this medal, are the rose, shamrock, and thistle; on the reverse, on the left hand side, is a seated figure representing Royalty; she wears the costume of Queen Elizabeth; in the right hand she



holds a sceptre. On the right hand side is a standing figure representing the City of London. She wears the mural crown, and round her neck, the civic chain; on her mantle are embroidered the arms of the City, and, by the command of Royalty, she has broken down one of

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Class 0, £17 | Class 2, £20 | Class 4, £26 | Class 6, £35 | Class 8, £47 | Class 10, £53 | Class 12, £50 | Class 14, £57 | Class 16, £63 | Class 18, £68 | Class 20, £73 | Class 22, £78 | Class 24, £83 | Class 26, £88 | Class 28, £93 | Class 30, £98 | Class 32, £103 | Class 34, £108 | Class 36, £113 | Class 38, £118 | Class 40, £123 | Class 42, £128 | Class 44, £133 | Class 46, £138 | Class 48, £143 | Class 50, £148 | Class 52, £153 | Class 54, £158 | Class 56, £163 | Class 58, £168 | Class 60, £173 | Class 62, £178 | Class 64, £183 | Class 66, £188 | Class 68, £193 | Class 70, £198 | Class 72, £203 | Class 74, £208 | Class 76, £213 | Class 78, £218 | Class 80, £223 | Class 82, £228 | Class 84, £233 | Class 86, £238 | Class 88, £243 | Class 90, £248 | Class 92, £253 | Class 94, £258 | Class 96, £263 | Class 98, £268 | Class 100, £273 | Class 102, £278 | Class 104, £283 | Class 106, £288 | Class 108, £293 | Class 110, £298 | Class 112, £303 | Class 114, £308 | Class 116, £313 | Class 118, £318 | Class 120, £323 | Class 122, £328 | Class 124, £333 | Class 126, £338 | Class 128, £343 | Class 130, £348 | Class 132, £353 | Class 134, £358 | Class 136, £363 | Class 138, £368 | Class 140, £373 | Class 142, £378 | Class 144, £383 | Class 146, £388 | Class 148, £393 | Class 150, £398 | Class 152, £403 | Class 154, £408 | Class 156, £413 | Class 158, £418 | Class 160, £423 | Class 162, £428 | Class 164, £433 | Class 166, £438 | Class 168, £443 | Class 170, £448 | Class 172, £453 | Class 174, £458 | Class 176, £463 | Class 178, £468 | Class 180, £473 | Class 182, £478 | Class 184, £483 | Class 186, £488 | Class 188, £493 | Class 190, £498 | Class 192, £503 | Class 194, £508 | Class 196, £513 | Class 198, £518 | Class 200, £523 | Class 202, £528 | Class 204, £533 | Class 206, £538 | Class 208, £543 | Class 210, £548 | Class 212, £553 | Class 214, £558 | Class 216, £563 | Class 218, £568 | Class 220, £573 | Class 222, £578 | Class 224, £583 | Class 226, £588 | Class 228, £593 | Class 230, £598 | Class 232, £603 | Class 234, £608 | Class 236, £613 | Class 238, £618 | Class 240, £623 | Class 242, £628 | Class 244, £633 | Class 246, £638 | Class 248, £643 | Class 250, £648 | Class 252, £653 | Class 254, £658 | Class 256, £663 | Class 258, £668 | Class 260, £673 | Class 262, £678 | Class 264, £683 | Class 266, £688 | Class 268, £693 | Class 270, £698 | Class 272, £703 | Class 274, £708 | Class 276, £713 | Class 278, £718 | Class 280, £723 | Class 282, £728 | Class 284, £733 | Class 286, £738 | Class 288, £743 | Class 290, £748 | Class 292, £753 | Class 294, £758 | Class 296, £763 | Class 298, £768 | Class 300, £773 | Class 302, £778 | Class 304, £783 | Class 306, £788 | Class 308, £793 | Class 310, £798 | Class 312, £803 | Class 314, £808 | Class 316, £813 | Class 318, £818 | Class 320, £823 | Class 322, £828 | Class 324, £833 | Class 326, £838 | Class 328, £843 | Class 330, £848 | Class 332, £853 | Class 334, £858 | Class 336, £863 | Class 338, £868 | Class 340, £873 | Class 342, £878 | Class 344, £883 | Class 346, £888 | Class 348, £893 | Class 350, £898 | Class 352, £903 | Class 354, £908 | Class 356, £913 | Class 358, £918 | Class 360, £923 | Class 362, £928 | Class 364, £933 | Class 366, £938 | Class 368, £943 | Class 370, £948 | Class 372, £953 | Class 374, £958 | Class 376, £963 | Class 378, £968 | Class 380, £973 | Class 382, £978 | Class 384, £983 | Class 386, £988 | Class 388, £993 | Class 390, £998 | Class 392, £1003 | Class 394, £1008 | Class 396, £1013 | Class 398, £1018 | Class 400, £1023 | Class 402, £1028 | Class 404, £1033 | Class 406, £1038 | Class 408, £1043 | Class 410, £1048 | Class 412, £1053 | Class 414, £1058 | Class 416, £1063 | Class 418, £1068 | Class 420, £1073 | Class 422, £1078 | Class 424, £1083 | Class 426, £1088 | Class 428, £1093 | Class 430, £1098 | Class 432, £1103 | Class 434, £1108 | Class 436, £1113 | Class 438, £1118 | Class 440, £1123 | Class 442, £1128 | Class 444, £1133 | Class 446, £1138 | Class 448, £1143 | Class 450, £1148 | Class 452, £1153 | Class 454, £1158 | Class 456, £1163 | Class 458, £1168 | Class 460, £1173 | Class 462, £1178 | Class 464, £1183 | Class 466, £1188 | Class 468, £1193 | Class 470, £1198 | Class 472, £1203 | Class 474, £1208 | Class 476, £1213 | Class 478, £1218 | Class 480, £1223 | Class 482, £1228 | Class 484, £1233 | Class 486, £1238 | Class 488, £1243 | Class 490, £1248 | Class 492, £1253 | Class 494, £1258 | Class 496, £1263 | Class 498, £1268 | Class 500, £1273 | Class 502, £1278 | Class 504, £1283 | Class 506, £1288 | Class 508, £1293 | Class 510, £1298 | Class 512, £1303 | Class 514, £1308 | Class 516, £1313 | Class 518, £1318 | Class 520, £1323 | Class 522, £1328 | Class 524, £1333 | Class 526, £1338 | Class 528, £1343 | Class 530, £1348 | Class 532, £1353 | Class 534, £1358 | Class 536, £1363 | Class 538, £1368 | Class 540, £1373 | Class 542, £1378 | Class 544, £1383 | Class 546, £1388 | Class 548, £1393 | Class 550, £1398 | Class 552, £1403 | Class 554, £1408 | Class 556, £1413 | Class 558, £1418 | Class 560, £1423 | Class 562, £1428 | Class 564, £1433 | Class 566, £1438 | Class 568, £1443 | Class 570, £1448 | Class 572, £1453 | Class 574, £1458 | Class 576, £1463 | Class



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

She said a few rapid words to them in Italian.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER X. (continued)

AT that season of the year Paris was of course empty, socially speaking; but its attractions were not lessened, so far as we were concerned, by the absence of the fashionable world. The streets were full of people, whose costume and gestures afforded us endless merriment; in the theatres, whither we repaired on most nights in order to improve our knowledge of the language, were crowds sufficient to render the air almost unbreathable; the *cafés* were thronged with noisy politicians, who harangued for or against the tottering Republic, and whose several views reached us by fragments above the clatter of the dominoes and the click of the billiard-balls. Once, while we were sitting on the Boulevard des Italiens, an obliging neighbour pointed out to us General Cavaignac, striding by with his head in the air; and once, from our window, we saw the Prince-President driving past in an open carriage, looking gloomy and impenetrable, as usual. He was not so fortunate as to earn our approbation, I remember, in the matter of personal appearance. "There is a good deal more of the owl than the eagle about him," George said contemptuously. "He may be a first-rate conspirator; but if he attempts to play the game of dictatorship over this disreputable nation, he'll get that melancholy head of his chopped off as sure as he's born!"

We were domiciled in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, in a house which

was subsequently razed to the ground, together with many others, during the piping times when Baron Haussmann was Prefect of the Seine, and when the potentate whose fate George had so rashly forecast had become a full-fledged eagle, with no fear of the Germanic variety of the species before his eyes. The street was narrow, as most Parisian streets were then; but it was a lively one; and I spent a good deal of the time in looking out of window which I ought to have employed in studying Wheaton's "International Law," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and Hallam's "Constitutional History," all which works were spread out invitingly for me on the table every morning by George, who was more successful in getting up subjects himself than in inducing me to follow his example. "You will be plucked to a dead certainty!" he would sigh sometimes; but I assured him that there was no cause for alarm, and that, when the critical moment drew nearer, I should throw myself into my work and accomplish what I had to do; though not after his fashion. Some people, I pointed out, overcame obstacles by sapping and mining; other annihilated them by a *coup de main*—he belonged to the former, I to the latter class. I don't know whether he was convinced by this reasoning; but doubtless his common sense showed him the uselessness of arguing against it; for, in truth, he had no authority over me. All he stipulated for was that we should at least go through the form of reading for a few hours every morning; and to this I could not

reasonably object. In the afternoons and evenings we wandered abroad, studying Parisian life and manners under various aspects.

Wherever we went—and chance took us into some queer places—I was haunted by a vague expectation of encountering my castaway cousin. That I should come across him sooner or later, in Paris or elsewhere, I was convinced; and as often as I saw a seedy out-at-elbows Englishman I began scanning his features eagerly in the effort to trace in them some resemblance to those of my uncle. With a few of these disreputable persons I made some excuse to scrape acquaintance, and I remember in particular one raffish-looking half-tipsy youth whom we chanced upon at a *café chantant*, and who responded to my advances with the utmost cordiality. I really thought he had quite a Le Marchant sort of look about the eyes and mouth, and the trifling detail of his being at least a dozen years too young did not strike me at the moment. Only after he had begun to scatter his h's about in a reckless manner was I reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he could not be the man of whom I was in search. It then seemed to be about time to shake him off, and I accordingly signalled to George to get up; but my friend would not be shaken off at all, accompanied us down the Champs Elysées, addressing me as "ole feller" in a loud voice, and finally requested the loan of twenty francs; at which price I was glad to be rid of him.

When he had stumbled away into the darkness George ventured

on a mild remonstrance. "What possesses you to speak to these scoundrels, Charley? One would think you had some private reasons for forcing your company upon every drunken loafer within reach."

I replied that I had such reasons, and proceeded to explain what they were, while George plodded along beside me and listened in silence. He knew the whole story of my uncle's calamity—indeed it appeared to me that everybody in Norfolk, except myself, had always been acquainted with it—and he did not express any surprise at the quest which I had undertaken, only a sort of tacit disapproval. "And when you have got him, what will you do with him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Make friends with him, I suppose."

"Yes; and then?"

"Oh, well, then I must try to arrange a meeting between him and my uncle."

"I see."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic about my plan," I remarked, with some impatience.

"Well—I don't know, I'm sure," said George, musingly. "It's a noble project, no doubt; but then, you know, I am one of those commonplace people who can't, as a rule, appreciate noble projects. I think, if I were in your place, I should let well alone."

"If things were well as they are, I would let them alone," I answered; "but they are not. They are well for me, of course; but one isn't to consider one's own interests above and before everything. I should have thought you would have understood that. Maud did at once. She quite agreed with me that it was my duty to find out this unfortunate fellow and let him have another chance—though she acknowledged that she hoped I should not succeed."

"Miss Dennison," said George, "takes the romantic view of the case; and that is quite right, and what one would wish her to do. She has a noble and generous nature herself; she would like to be able to think that you too were generous, and willing to sacrifice your prospects rather than be partner—sleeping partner even—in an injustice. And yet, you see, she doesn't go the extreme length of wishing you success; she wants you to have the glory of being disinterested, but not the inconvenience. As for me, I am quite content to follow her lead. By all means go on looking for your cousin;—only I hope you won't find him. And indeed I don't think you will."

"That remains to be seen," I remarked.

"But supposing that, by some queer chance, you should find him," pursued George, "you will then, as you say, have to lead him home to Mr. Le Marchant, who is not likely either to thank you or to change his mind at your suggestion; and again, supposing that he does change his mind, the odds are that the son will turn out to be altogether irreclaimable, and then there will be another quarrel and another scandal; and again, supposing that all goes smoothly, that the son behaves himself, and that the father is delighted to have him back again and consents to cut you adrift—then what will you have left to marry upon? I really do think that you had better leave well alone."

I thought this rather cynical of George; but, to tell the truth, I was not very disconsolate at my failure to discover Harry in Paris. If he chose to turn up, well and good, and I should then, I hoped, know how to do my duty; but, after all, I had not come abroad to seek for him.

When summer was fading into autumn we set our faces towards the south, journeying by rail as far as the train would take us—which, if I remember rightly, was not beyond Lyons—and thence dawdling on to the Mediterranean, stopping at places where nobody dreams of passing a night now, and enjoying the colour, the picturesque out-door life, the wines and the songs of windy Provence as Sterne and the old travellers used to enjoy them, and as no traveller will ever enjoy them again. At Nice we made another long halt, and it was not until the last days of October that we struck a bargain with a *vetturino*, who was to take us by way of the Cornice road to Genoa, whence we proposed to travel by easy stages towards Rome.

I see by my Bradshaw that a railway now runs through that lovely district, and I am told by many friends that the little white villages which used to be dotted along the coast-line are now more or less lively watering-places, with the conventional big hotels and the usual winter population of invalids and idlers. I should doubt whether these things can be an improvement; but to me personally it is of no consequence. I have never revisited the Riviera, and I never shall. In the year 1852, when George Warren and I drove along its shores in the brilliant autumn sunshine, and looked down upon "bays the peacock's neck in hue," where bare-legged fishermen sat mending their nets, or out upon distant headlands clothed with the silvery olive, I thought to myself that I would return thither on my wedding-trip; but circumstances interfered with the realisation of this scheme, and now I should be very sorry to destroy a happy memory by a stupid attempt to refresh it.

It was on the evening of the second day, I think, that we drew near to the little town of Alassio, where it was intended that we should spend the night. As we entered the dim, narrow street, it became evident that the place was in a state of commotion. Above the rattle of our wheels and the clatter of our horses' hoofs we could distinguish a confused din of shouts and oaths and cracking of whips, which grew clearer presently, when our driver pulled up, being unable to advance further on account of the crowd of gesticulating inhabitants which blocked the way. We both stood up and looked over the heads of the excited population. In front of the inn were drawn up two travelling-carriges, facing in opposite directions, and each with its four horses harnessed; but the four postillions had dismounted, and were dancing round one another in the vacant space between the two vehicles, flourishing their whips, and exchanging threats of a most terrible and blood-curdling nature.

"What is all the row about?" George inquired of our *vetturino*, who shrugged his shoulders and said, "It is a difficulty about the horses. They both want to get on, and there are only four fresh beasts to be had; so they are quarrelling. It often happens like that—the *vuole*?"

"Did you ever see such a set of capering fools!" exclaimed George, who had a fine British disdain for all foreign methods of carrying on hostilities. "Why can't they set to work with their fists, if they mean fighting? Upon my word, I've a great mind to go and show them the way. I don't suppose they do mean fighting at all, though."

However, he did them an injustice there. Even while he spoke, a whip-lash, either by accident or intention, fell right across the cheek of one of the postillions; and this was the signal for a general onslaught. Immediately there was a yell and a screech, and in another moment the whole four of them were locked together in a struggling mass, making free use of their whips, and also, so far as one could see through the cloud of dust that they kicked up, of their nails and teeth. The riderless horses began to plunge; the occupants of the further carriage bundled out on to the road in asfright; only, in the other one, a lady whose back was towards us sat looking on at the fray with perfect composure and indifference, paying no attention to her courier and maid, both of whom had jumped down and were entreating her to do likewise.

"By Jove! she's a cool hand," I said admiringly. "An Englishwoman evidently. Oughtn't we to go and offer to help her?"

George's insular reserve asserted itself at once. "Oh, I think we had better not interfere," he answered; "she might not like it.

I'm quite game to go and separate those lunatics, though, if you choose."

But I had an inquisitive desire to see the lady's face, and at that time of my life I was seldom afflicted with shyness. I stepped up to the side of the carriage, took off my wideawake with my best bow, and asked whether I could be of any assistance. "Had you not better get out?" I said. "Nobody is holding your horses, you know."

She turned her head, and took a slow survey of my humble person which disconcerted me a little. "Thank you," she answered in a cool, pleasant voice; "but my horses are much too tired to run away. The other people have got the fresh ones, unfortunately. No; I don't know that you can be of any use. Unless," she added as an afterthought, "you would knock one of those men down: then we should be two to one, which ought to give us a better chance. Or perhaps your friend would like to do it; he seems to be eager for the battle."

These last words, spoken in a somewhat louder key, caught the ear of George, who was much more at home in the art of self-defence than in that of making polite speeches. He waited for no second hint; and in the twinkling of an eye one of the postillions was sprawling on his back, with the soles of his huge boots in the air.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the lady in great vexation, "he has knocked down the wrong man! How very stupid of him! Now we are done for."

There was no doubt about that. In the midst of the uproar aroused by George's unlucky intervention the enemy quietly vacated the field. The dusty post-boys hoisted themselves into their saddles; the travellers resumed their seats; and presently the rival carriage rolled away towards Oneglia and San Remo, the crowd falling back on either side to give it passage. Meanwhile the guardians of law and order, who had hitherto kept modestly in the background, came forward in the shape of two *carabinieri*. These made a prompt capture of George, and were leading him away—presumably to the lock-up—when the unknown lady stopped them with an imperious gesture. She said a few rapid words to them in Italian, the sense of which I was unable to catch, but which had the effect of causing them at once to relinquish their prisoner. Then she turned to George, who was looking very angry and crestfallen.

"I have told these men that I am on my way to Turin, and that I shall see His Majesty there—which is true," she said. "I also told them that you were a personage of distinction—which is probably not true, but that can't be helped—and that they would certainly be put to death if they meddled with you. Perhaps you had better give them some money, though. Not too much; ten lire each will be ample." She added, as she stepped out of her carriage, "You should not be so hasty. If you had taken the trouble to ask me which were my postillions, you would have saved your money, and I might have been able to continue my journey."

She smiled. "Oh," said she, "you meant well; and after all, it does not much matter. It is only spending a night here; and I suppose they can give me rooms." With which she marched into the inn, followed by her courier and maid, leaving us to arrange matters with the *carabinieri* and the bruised postillion, the latter of whom was naturally much annoyed at the treatment he had received, and assessed his injuries at two napoleons.

"What an extraordinary woman!" ejaculated George, as we entered the dark, musty-smelling inn, after discharging the various claims made upon us; "what a very extraordinary woman!"

"She certainly is not ordinary," I agreed; "but I don't know that she is any the worse for that. I wonder who she is. Did you notice that she said she was going to see the King of Sardinia?"

"She said she would see him at Turin; but then so might you or I, you know—in the street," observed the cautious George. "I didn't much like the look of her myself," he added.

"I am quite certain that she is a lady," said I, decisively; "one could tell that at once by her voice. And I must say that I did rather like the look of her."

"Well—I don't know, I'm sure. She has cost me a lot of money, and all the skin off my knuckles," observed George, ruefully. "I don't care if I never see her again."

I said I should be very much disappointed if we didn't see her again, and added that I was determined at least to find out who she was before she left.

I very soon obtained the desired information, for in about a quarter of an hour the courier whom we had seen below appeared at our door, and handed me a card bearing the name of Lady Constance Milner, beneath which was scribbled in pencil, *will be glad to see Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Warren at dinner at seven o'clock, and begs that they will not trouble to dress.*

"H'm! it hasn't taken her long to find out who we are, anyhow," growled George. "She might have told the fellow to wait for an answer, I think. Suppose you write her a line to say you're sorry we can't go."

I replied that I should certainly not do anything of the kind. Lady Constance undoubtedly meant to be civil, and it was no fault of hers if George had barked his knuckles while falling upon her friends, instead of her enemies. Of course he could do as he liked; but I meant to dine with her.

At seven o'clock, accordingly, I and my reluctant companion descended to the first floor, and were shown into a large bare apartment, with a stone floor, and walls painted in rude frescoes. Our entertainer rose from her chair by the window to receive us. She was a fair-haired woman, extremely tall, and holding herself in such a manner as to show every inch of her height. In the carriage she had not struck me as being young; but I saw now that her age could not much exceed five or six-and-twenty. She had a slight natural droop of the eyelids, and also about the corners of the eyebrows, which gave the upper part of her face a somewhat supercilious expression; but this was contradicted by her mouth, which was rather large, and which wore a bold, frank smile. One noticed these details before asking oneself whether she were handsome or not. Probably nine people out of ten would have called her so; although she had not much beauty of feature. What she had was an air of distinction, an admirable figure, and a travelling-dress which fitted her like a glove.

"Please sit down," she said. "I thought, as we are the only people in the inn, we might as well dine together. I can't offer you a good dinner, of course; still, you will fare a little better with me than you would have done alone; for my courier Antonio is a universal genius, and I have sent him down to the kitchen to see what he can do. He found out your names for me; but I don't know which is which. Is Mr. Warren the one who gave my postillion the black eye? Ah! I thought so. You are both of you at Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose?"

Her manner was a trifle patronising; she implied a little too clearly, perhaps, that our names and history were matters of the most complete indifference to her; yet I did not feel offended. It was evidently natural to her to talk like that; there was no affectation in her good-humoured nonchalance; and if she did not care about cultivating our acquaintance, neither were we so very anxious to cultivate hers. Chance had thrown us together for one evening, and there was no reason why we should not get what amusement we could out of that chance, without committing ourselves in any way with regard to future relations. I took her civilities as I supposed that she intended them to be taken, and perhaps that was why she and I got on swimmingly together during the dinner, which amply justified her boast of Antonio's skill.

George, on the other hand, did not get on with her at all. As a

general thing, George disliked and distrusted odd people. Oddity in his eyes, was *prima facie* evidence of a lack of respectability; and respectability was his idol. Besides, as he told me afterwards he had an instinctive feeling that this woman was dangerous; and when I inquired "Dangerous in what way?" he replied that he didn't know, but that he maintained his opinion. While dinner was going on he scarcely spoke at all, keeping his eyes fixed upon his plate, and devoting himself chiefly to the staying of a healthy appetite. Once I saw Lady Constance give him a long look—such a look as she had honoured me with when I had first accosted her—but that appeared to satisfy any curiosity that she may have felt as to my friend; for she took no further notice of him, except once, until the time came for her to wish him good-night.

Before that time she had heard a good deal about me and my belongings. She inquired whether my uncle was a brother of General Le Marchant's, whom she said that she knew slightly; she gratified my vanity by remembering perfectly well that I had been Captain of the Boats at Eton; she found out that we proposed to spend the winter among the cities of Southern Italy, and expressed a gracious hope that we might meet at Naples, whether she herself was bound. When I told her that I was destined ere long to enter diplomacy, she became more interested. "It is an amusing game," she said; "perhaps as amusing a game as there is. Only, to enjoy it, you should take it up as an amateur; the professional people are tied hand and foot with red tape, and generally get sick of their trade before they have learnt it. I know something of diplomacy from their point of view; for my brother is Minister at one of the German Courts, and my husband was in the service at one time."

"And has he given it up?—your husband, I mean," I inquired. "He has given everything up; he is dead," she answered quietly. I felt myself becoming hot all over. "I—I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Don't mind me," she answered; "you couldn't be expected to know that I was a widow, and mistakes of that kind are a great deal more disagreeable for the person who makes them than for the person about whom they are made. Still, if you are going to be a diplomatist, you will have to acquire the art of conversation. I'll make you a present of an excellent rule in rhyme:

If you lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
To whom you speak, of whom you speak
And how, and when, and where.

Mr. Warren would probably suggest as an amendment, "Never speak at all;" but we can't be all Trappists."

This was the one occasion upon which she addressed herself to George, who replied that he thought it a very good plan not to speak, unless you had something to say.

Very soon after this we took our leave, or, to speak more truthfully, received our dismissal. Whether Lady Constance Milner was a great lady, who was accustomed to be surrounded by obedient vassals, or whether it was only that she considered us to be very little people, I had, of course, no means of telling; but she certainly treated us very much as a good-natured, easy-going sovereign might be expected to treat her subjects, and when she had had enough of us, sent us away without any ceremony.

"Good night and good bye," she said; "for I shall probably have started before you are up to-morrow morning. If you should find yourselves at Naples or Palermo in the early part of the winter, we may, perhaps, meet again, and I hope you will call upon me."

With these last words she turned away, and resumed the chair by the window, where she had been sitting when we made our entrance, and Antonio, a grave black-bearded functionary, held the door open and bowed us out.

(To be continued)

NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. JAMES NESBIT AND CO.—This firm has brought out a new Hymnal under the title of "Church Praise." It was compiled by a Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, "appointed by the Synod which met at Newcastle-on-Tyne in April, 1881." It is based upon "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship," of which these publishers purchased the copyright. They made so many changes, and so completely reconstructed the book, that it was deemed necessary to give it a new title, and "Church Praise" was adopted with the idea of distinguishing it from other hymnals. The music has been carefully selected, due regard having been paid to the suitability of each of the words of the hymn with which it is associated. In many cases alternative tunes have been given, in order that old associations may not be rudely severed, and yet diversities of taste be satisfied. There are, besides a preface, and a general index, "Index of Subjects," and "Index of Tunes." We can cordially recommend this well-got-up volume to the attention of all who are interested in, or associated with, Church work.

MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND CO.—Two pretty songs for the drawing-room, music by William M. Hutchison, are "Two Little Shoes," the pathetic words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, published in three keys; by the same poet are the words of "The Silver Rhine," which is published in four keys—as a vocal duet, as a pianoforte solo, and as a duet for violin and pianoforte. We must candidly own that this composition does not merit so much expenditure of work upon it. A sequel to the popular ballad, "Ehren on the Rhine," by the same composer, it is very far from equal to its predecessor. Both words and music to a fairly good ballad, "The Two Chords," are supplied by W. M. Hutchison. A spirited and stirring song for a bass or baritone is "Taken by Storm," written and composed by Messrs. H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri. It is suitable for the mess, the barrack-room, or a musical reading. —"The Gift of Love Waltz" is a pleasing arrangement by Josef Meissler of W. M. Hutchison's song bearing that name. The time is well marked. —"The Tiptoe Polka" is a tuneful and danceable composition by Josef Meissler.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A "Toccata in F Major" by Arthur O'Leary, may certainly lay claim to be a thoroughly steady practice which it demands in order to play it with grace and expression.

MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Piquante and original is "The King's Request," written by Caroline A. Mason; it tells of a monarch in search of a woman who is quite content, on whom he intends to bestow his hand. After many failures he finds one, but to his disappointment she is so content with her position that she refuses the royal offer. The appropriate music is by Walter Gandy. —Two cheerful sea songs replete with healthy sentiment are "Brother Jack," written and composed by Re Henry and Malcolm Lawson, published in F and G, and "The Steersman," words by Thomas Moore, music by Ernest Fowles. —Three useful and well-written pieces for the schoolroom and the drawing-room are "Gavotte," in E major, by Godfrey Marks; "Bourrée," by Jos Trousselle; and by the same composer "Mazurka."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Pathetic and pleasing is "A Remembered Voice," written and composed by Sarah Doudney and John Henry, published in C and D. —Of the same type, and in the same tragic vein, is "The Scent of the Lilies," by Alice Bateman, but teaches the fatal effects of ambition (Messrs. Goddard and Co.). —A high-flown song for a tenor is from "Songs of the Passions," a serenade, entitled "Awake! Awake! Fair Star of Love," written and composed by "Crichton" (W. R. Jennyngs). —A fairly good and well-marked set of waltzes are "Hommage au Talent," by H. de Vaux (Messrs. A. and V. Dobrowski).



It is long since we have read a book about South Africa so brightly written and so full of unique interest as Mr. B. Mitford's "Through the Zulu Country" (C. Kegan Paul and Co.). The journey was undertaken with the special purpose of visiting the battle-fields of '79, and gathering from Zulu lips the native version of that hard-foughten campaign, and the result is a narrative which makes us feel as though no history of the war would be complete without it. As a field for the relic-hunter Isandhlana stands alone. Elsewhere the traces of the war grow fainter every succeeding year. The new house of the Swedish missionary hides the scene of Chard's and Bromhead's desperate defence. The temporary camps in which our armies laagered are crumbling away. Only at Ekowe could the visitor still trace the formidable entrenchments which the Zulu chiefs did not attempt to carry by their usual "rush," but left to the slower process of a blockade. But at Isandhlana the bones of men and horses, the empty cartridge cases, the fragments of harness and of wagons reveal, as though it had been yesterday, where scattered groups had held a ridge until the Zulu horns closed in upon them from behind, or where, when all was lost, a panic-stricken crowd raced madly to the ford-less Tugela over the treacherous ledges of "the Fugitives' Drift." The native descriptions of the several fights—most graphically told, and tallying wonderfully with one another—are, however, the choice bits in Mr. Mitford's volume. For the Zulu, like the born soldier that he is, can do justice alike to friend and foe, and needs little pressing to tell, with an excitement which often vents itself in bursts of laughter, how half his regiment were knocked over at Ulundi, or rallied with a shout at Isandhlana, and rushed through storms of shot to close quarters with the assegai. The check at Rorke's Drift made but a slight impression on them, the British were fighting behind a *schaans*, and, moreover, "in a corner." But Kambula, where they still maintain they would have stormed the camp but for the precipitancy of the two young regiments which should have formed the tip of either horn, was a grievous disappointment, and at Ginghilovo and Ulundi they fought against shell and Gatling guns as brave men without hope. Incidentally too we are able to learn something of the latest changes in Zulu tactics, like that which has transformed the great *indunas* from leaders of the fighting line to generals who issue their orders from the rear; of the devotion almost everywhere felt (in 1882) for Cetewayo; and of the good services of the much abused John Dunn, whose counsels, had he gone over to the enemy, might have given us much trouble at the outset by teaching Cetewayo how to turn his superiority in force to good account. The engravings, though few, are also very good; notably the moonlight view of the scene where the Prince Imperial met his death at the hands of an *impi* on its way towards Ulundi; and it is pleasant to hear that his monument is in good order, and that no native passes it without a military salute. From the time in fact that we cross the border into Zululand it is difficult to set the volume down until we have finished the last chapter.

Although written in as partisan a spirit, wherever English and Russian interests come into collision, as if "O. K." herself had inspired every chapter, a "Life of Alexander II. of Russia," by the Author of "The Life and Times of Alexander I." (W. H. Allen and Co.), is a biography of undeniable value. The work of one whose knowledge of Russia—a few careless slips notwithstanding—is evidently great, it presents a picture of perhaps the saddest and best-intentioned pair among the Emperors and Empresses of modern times, not less truthfully in the main than strikingly drawn. Of Court mysteries and scandalous gossip it says little; it is by his public acts that the "melancholy Czar" is judged, and looking at these from a Russian point of view, our judgment of him cannot but be favourable. Like other writers of "O. K.'s" school, the author regards Nihilism as the outcome of a discontented class, whose real affinities are with the Anarchical Socialists of Western Europe, and whose numbers latterly were swelled by the return from Siberia of many exiles of 1863, and by the undeserved unpopularity which the Emperor had incurred from the concessions made by him for peace sake at the Congress of Berlin. With the Russian peasantry, up to the very last, the Czar was as popular as ever. As a chronicle of the chief events of a life during which Russia, awaking from her lethargy under Nicholas, kept moving onward along uncertain paths with convulsive leaps and halts, the volume is altogether excellent.

The four works which come next on our list represent the two most opposite varieties of books of history. Of the new and revised edition of Professor Gardiner's historical writings, to be completed in ten monthly volumes, under the title of "A History of England; 1603–1642" (Longmans and Co.) it is needless to say much. All students know the value of Mr. Gardiner's researches in the period which he has made especially his own. The present edition, by bringing them more within the range of the general reader, will much enhance his reputation as a writer. The style, it is true, is very plain; there is no attempt to describe an incident "picturesquely," or to sum up a policy in an epigram, but the lucidity and method which come from thorough mastery of a subject are higher literary excellencies still, and these are here in such full measure that the history of a very complicated time becomes the easiest of easy reading.—In the next, Signor Balzani's "Early Italian Chroniclers" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), we have rather to do with the materials of history—materials unusually abundant in mediæval Italy, and written generally by men who took a large part in all that they describe. Signor Balzani not only tells us all about these men, but gives copious specimens of their style and matter, often of high historical interest. The series begins with Cassiodorus, the Roman counsellor of the great Theodosius, whose cherished dream that Goth and Roman might unite to build up a new Western Empire survived even the judicial murders of Boëlius and Symmachus. It ends in the fourteenth century with Dino Campani and Villani. To those who may have recoiled in terror from the mighty tomes of Pertz and Muratori, Signor Balzani's volume should be welcome as a cleared path through a tangled forest to the wanderer.—Miss Finch's "Lives of the Princesses of Wales" (3 vols., Remington and Co.)—it may surprise many to find that there were only six in all, and that of these only three became Queen—and Mr. Barnett-Smith's "Half-Hours with Famous Ambassadors" (T. Fisher Unwin) belong, on the other hand, to the books which are addressed to those who love to imbibe their history in dribs and drabs, with all possible seasoning of personal anecdote and gossip. Neither make any pretensions to research, though Miss Finch's work is much the better of the two, albeit drawn, as the confiding foot notes reveal, from such familiar authorities as Hepworth Dixon, Miss Strickland, Dr. Doran, &c. Still it is pleasantly and carefully written, with details of Court life which will prove of interest to very many. The lives of Katherine of Aragon and of Caroline of Anspach, the wife who, in sheer devotion to her peppery little spouse, was always ready to sink the woman in the Queen, appear to us on the whole the best. Mr. Smith's is a less satisfactory performance. The very title, indeed, is a misnomer; for Alberoni—whom Mr. Smith will call a Spaniard, as though a typical eighteenth-century Italian lost his nationality by serving the King of Spain—is known in history not as an Envoy, but as a Minister. D'Eon was no better

than a secret agent of a dirty kind, and Harley not an Ambassador at all. "Half-Hours," too, suggests something more of diplomatic passages at arms, and doings behind the scenes at Congresses, than we get in simple memoirs of Metternich and Talleyrand. Perhaps the most readable chapter is the first, "Sir R. M. Keith and Queen Caroline of Denmark."

A new edition after many years of "Scott's Life and Works of Dryden," by Mr. Saintsbury (W. Patterson, Edinburgh) is exceptionally interesting, as giving side by side the investigations of an accomplished critic of our own day, and the work of a great writer of sixty years ago. And in this connection it is curious to note how little Scott can be improved upon, and how wise Mr. Saintsbury has been in leaving the original work as far as possible intact. A few corrections of errors in matters of fact, a few fresh lights here and there on the story of Dryden's life, a more critical revision of the text of the plays, are all the changes that another half-century has rendered necessary.

In the "Mozart" of Dr. Gehring, a new volume of the "Great Musicians" series, we have the abridged memoir in its most exact and condensed shape. Some few omissions in the list of Mozart's musical works excepted, each incident in the master's life is scrupulously chronicled and indexed. Such care and accuracy deserve all praise; still those who wish for breathing pictures of the Rassaelie of musicians and his surroundings will hardly accept such summaries as a substitute for "Lives" like that by Otto Jahn.

"A History of the Charterhouse at Hull," by J. Cook, F.R.H.S. (Hull : Peck and Son), is one of those carefully-written monographs on local antiquities which are labours of love to the compiler, and fresh sources of light and knowledge to the historian of English life and manners. Founded by Sir Michael de la Pole, the grandfather of Shakespeare's Duke of Suffolk, in obedience to the dying wishes of his father William, first Mayor of Kingston-upon-Hull, the old God's House has survived all changes of creeds and reigning families, and still discharges with unflagging vigour, and from a revenue which grows steadily with the times, the work of charity planned out by its founder.

"Flower Painting in Water-Colours," by C. Hulme, F.L.S. (Cassell and Co., Second Series), provides for beginners a number of prettily-painted drawings to assist, not to take the place of, studies after Nature. The preface contains some useful hints on the best colours to employ for reproducing the delicate tints of the different kinds of flowers.—Under the title of "The Relative Claims of Etching and Engraving to Rank as Fine Arts," Mr. Haden republishes (Metcham and Son) the paper read by him before the Society of Arts on the 30th of May. Although placing Etching first as a Fine Art, because distinctively original work, Mr. Haden does not deny the claims of the "interpretive engraver," like Marc Antonio or Marco da Ravenna, to rank as a great artist too. It is the mechanical "translator-engraver"—though he be Royal Academician—to whom Mr. Haden refuses the title of artist, and whose extinction by "a greater automatic worker, the sun," he contemplates with some complacency. The moral is that the Academy should encourage painter-etchers and engravers more than they do, and should even set apart for them one or two of their *omnium gatherum* Winter exhibitions.

THE FLEETING "MOMENT"

A JOURNALISTIC EPISODE

WHY was the *Moment* started? Well, clearly "to supply a long-felt and imperative—" Bosh? Not at all. "A long-felt and imperative want" of (say) 10,000/- on the part of its spirited promoter. And it would have supplied it too, forthwith, without even the necessity of any actual starting, if— Well, if only the equally spirited proprietor of the old *True Blue* had been allowed his own way. For, surely, the unquestioned monopoly of the representation of Big-Endian principles in the Metropolitan daily press was worth at least 10,000/-? And here was Mr. Bulliman, with 100,000/- at his back, and all the experience and influence accumulated during his ten or a dozen years as manager and City Editor of the *True Blue*, going to start a— Bless the unfortunate proprietor's spirited soul! What was to become of the *True Blue's* monopoly? or, for the matter of that, of the *True Blue* itself? Those were stormy days in the grimy old rabbit-warren in Trotter-Case Alley, which served the *True Blue* for an office. And if iron-nerved friends had not hustled the spirited proprietor bodily out of town and kept him there till the first number of the *Moment* was fairly published, that addition to the general sum of human knowledge would probably have been replaced by the addition to Mr. Bulliman's balance of the much-desired ten thousand pounds. Well, after all, you will say, with 100,000/- already there, Mr. Bulliman's balance would survive the loss. And so it, no doubt, would. Only the 100,000/- was not there. It—or that modified figure which, after deducting necessary "discount," stood for it—had vanished some two years before, when the great House of Overhead, Blarney, and Co. (Limited) had come suddenly to the ground. So suddenly that even astute Mr. Bulliman had not been able to "get out," but had been swamped in the general flood of ruin like any common "outsider." At the present time Mr. Bulliman was the possessor of a capital of about 2,000/- And it was upon this that he was proposing to start a London daily paper. Upon this, that is to say, and memory. Possession is nine points of the law, no doubt, but it is not an absolute necessity in commerce. "You may break, you may ruin" the capitalist if you will, but—so long as nobody knows anything about it—the scent of his thousands will cling to him still. And Mr. Bulliman had taken care that no one should know anything about it. He and his creditors were in the same boat, and his credit was valuable to them.

Still, it is not easy to launch an undertaking requiring a good many thousand pounds' worth of plant and machinery, an establishment in the City, a weekly outlay in wages and kindred payments of at least thousand or so, and a general papering of the walls and hoardings of London and the provinces with gigantic posters at a weekly charge of, say, three-half pence a sheet—it is not easy to do this sort of thing efficiently upon a gross capital of a couple of thousand pounds. And the efficiency of the arrangements for the production of the newspaper depended accordingly, it must be owned, to a large extent upon the point of view. Considered as a means of impressing the spirited proprietor of the *True Blue* with a vague terror of coming opposition and loss, they had no doubt, especially in the eyes of any one acquainted with that spirited proprietor's peculiar temperament, a certain air of effectiveness. For the spirited proprietor was not altogether a hero. Only a year or so before, the sensitiveness of his nervous system had received a curious but instructive illustration. It was in the times of Reform agitation—not the great Reform agitation of 1830-32, but the very miniature affair of the other day, when Big-Endian Mr. Paradox and Little-Endian Mr. Windbag were combining to amuse the constituencies with a sort of Dutch auction of pledges and principles, and the Hyde Park railings came to grief in the process. There had been a Reform mass meeting of the working classes one evening, and Major Stentor, then editor of the *True Blue*, was consulted as to the form in which this meeting should be announced in the contents bill; and Major Stentor had been dining out, and was just in the frame of mind to fall in hilariously with the suggestion of a waggon contributor, happily free from all sense of responsibility. So next morning, the supporters of Mr. Windbag's measure were edified by seeing their great meeting announced, in the largest possible type, as last night's "Great Donkey Show at the Agricultural Hall." Poor spirited proprietor! He made sure that the

last hour had come, not merely for himself, but for the *True Blue*. The preparations that were made against fire and explosion and insidious catastrophes of divers kinds, the investments with Messrs. Merryweather, the demands upon the resources of the Brigade and the City Police, the discussions as to swearing in the entire staff as special constables, and the urgent negotiations with Whitehall and Pall Mall for the immediate concentration upon Trotter-Case Alley of all available troops from Hounslow to Woolwich, might almost have persuaded Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge that there was one man at least to whom might be safely intrusted the supervision of the English entrance to the Channel Tunnel. And then, when all precautions had been taken, the spirited proprietor took, as our Dublin correspondent afterwards observed, just one precaution more, and retired by the afternoon mail to Wales, to be, if possible, out of hearing of the explosion! So if it had not been for certain pachyderms upon his staff, who now fairly frightened him out of his panic by the suggestion of a fresh opposition scheme at least once a week if the idea of black mail were encouraged by buying off the *Moment*, it is more than probable that the grand preparations for launching that "coming journal" would have proved of an amazing efficiency. As it was, and regarded as a means of conveying concurrently information to the public and profit to the proprietor, they were on the whole rather eccentric than effective.

It was odd that a journalist of Mr. Bulliman's practical experience should think of bringing out a daily paper under a weekly contract with an exceedingly small firm of jobbing printers, which had to borrow money for the purchase of the necessary type, but could not extend that operation far enough to enable them to put into fair running order more than one of the two rickety old "four-feeders," which formed their entire stock of machinery. It was odder still that the small firm selected for the purpose should be a firm with a local habitation somewhere out in the wilds of Clerkenwell. And, oddest of all, perhaps, was the fact that the weekly payment stipulated for was about 50 to 80 per cent. more than it would have cost to perform the same work under ordinary conditions in the classic precincts of Trotter-Case Alley itself. But then in Trotter-Case Alley we could not have stopped short at a day or two's notice, without considerable sacrifice. Whereas now—dear! dear! if that stupid spirited proprietor of the *T.B.* had but seen his own interest!

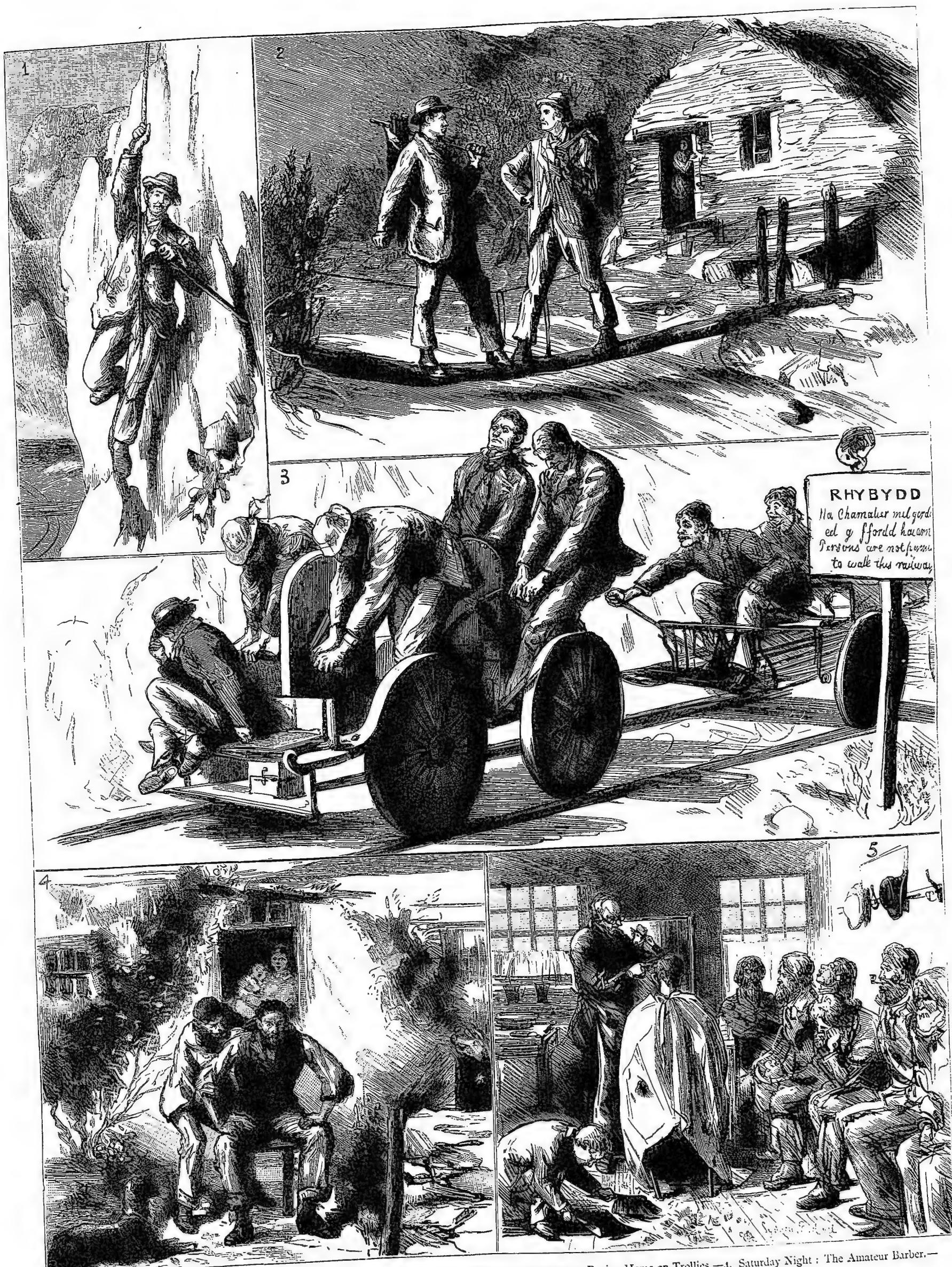
But he didn't. And the *Moment* had actually to make its appearance. Poor *Moment*! It was a short life it had. But that life could hardly be called a merry one. Except for a real amateur of bad language, the mere process of finding your way to the printing office was rather exhaustive than exhilarating. And even that study palled on you after a time. Your British cabman is not like your Western Yankee, who will swear steadily for some weeks at a time, without once stopping, except for meals or a fresh plug of tobacco, and never use the same objurgation twice. Cabby rings the changes on not more than a dozen words or so at the best—or worst; and the result, however valuable as an exercise in the rule of "permutations and combinations," is in practice monotonous. And then, when you had found the office, your first impulse was to try a "combination" or two on your own account. For the office was at the bottom of a yard, and the yard was long, and contained no lamps, but instead thereof an unlimited number of deep and particularly filthy puddles, and a miscellaneous assortment of old boilers, gaspipes, girders, and so forth, the distribution of which was thoughtfully altered every evening just before dusk for the express benefit of the shins of the *Moment* staff.

And the temptation did not altogether cease when you had at last successfully scaled the seven sound and sixteen fractured rounds of the ladder which led to the editorial regions, and found yourself in one or other of the two little ten-foot-square cupboards which formed the bureau of that august department. If you were a reporter it did not so much matter, for the presence of half-a-dozen or so other members of the staff, with contingent from the publishing, advertisement, and other departments, and an intermittent stream of errand and telegraph boys, all, as a rule, talking on different subjects at the top of their voices, stimulated the imagination, and no doubt contributed to produce that raciness of style and exclusiveness of detail so much admired in the *Moment* reports. But, for a leader-writer imperatively bound to keep constantly in his mind which side of the question he was writing upon, and to distinguish accurately between the yesterday's arguments of Mr. Paradox and the to-day's demonstrations of Mr. Windbag, and vice versa, the effect was less helpful. If there were any ground for supposing that anybody on either side ever read the leading articles of the *Moment*, one might be inclined to think that subsequent political developments might thus possibly have found their supposedly inconceivable explanation.

The work of the late-leader-writer, too, was not altogether facilitated by a further peculiarity in the Parliamentary arrangements. A gallery staff would have been an expensive luxury not to be got rid of at a day or two's notice. So Mr. Bulliman set up a staff of little "beggars on horseback," specially organised to ride perpetually to their proverbial destination with proof-slips of the night's debate hot and hot from the office of another paper. Every now and then one of these young Uhlans from the Ragged School would forget that it was only to the printer's demon that he was riding, and try a short cut by coming down with a smash upon some particularly complicated piece of stone. There was never any harm done. You can't break a London street-boy. He isn't made so. But a good many of the stringy parts of the harness used to go sometimes, and the time that was lost in finding fresh pieces of packthread and remaking the broken joints, used to deprive the slips, when they did arrive, of something of their first freshness.

Altogether, the production of the *Moment* was, it must be confessed, rather an example of the pursuit of journalism under difficulties. Still there was an element of adventure about it, and we should have gone on philosophically enough, no doubt, had the eccentricities of arrangement been confined to the editorial and mechanical departments. Unfortunately there was a more important department still—from our point of view—in which the prevailing eccentricity became yet more serious. How any money came in at all might have puzzled those who did not observe how singularly liberal our advertisement orders were from a certain class of "lim. lie." companies, and Foreign Loan Syndicates, or who, observing this, were unable to couple it with the fact that Mr. Bulliman was proprietor not only of the *Moment* but of three or four City papers, whose services in the exposure of unsound speculations were highly valued by the investing public. But, alas! for the investing public—and for us—the days of "lim. lie." companies and Foreign Loan Syndicates were drawing fast to a close; and the little stream of coin which, under judicious husbanding, had sufficed for some months to satisfy such claims as persistently refused to remain unsatisfied, began to dwindle with it. By and by, bills took the place of cheques. Then renewals took the place of bills. And, in due course, protests followed in the suite of renewals. Journalism is a lovely profession, but its adoption is not one of those virtues which can suffice for ever as their own reward, and, by Christmas, Mr. Bulliman was himself a contributor to another paper. His contribution was only one line long, and he was not paid for it, for the paper was the *Gazette*.

THE SCENE OF CAPTAIN WEBB'S DEATH.—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has inspected a selection of American views taken by Mr. Washington Friend, and now being exhibited at Messrs. Jennings' Gallery, Cheapside. H.R.H. has, moreover, purchased Mr. Friend's sketch of the "Whirlpool," which was engraved in this journal a fortnight ago.



1. A Quarryman at Work on the Face of a Cliff.—2. The Rivals : Which Shall Go Back?—3. Quarrymen Racing Home on Trolleys.—4. Saturday Night : The Amateur Barber.—
5. Saturday Night : The Professional Barber.

AUGUST 18, 1883

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

THE Americans are fond of big things, and now they have got the largest pleasure park in the world. We Londoners are proud of Richmond Park, which, as English parks go, covers a considerable area, but the Yellowstone Park is almost half the size of Wales. It forms a rectangular block, each side of which measures nearly sixty miles, and contains about 3,300 square miles. But its size is not its only merit, it teems with natural wonders, as we shall presently show.

Where is this park? Persons who are fond of studying maps (which all of us are not) are aware that the Far West, which within the memory of middle-aged persons was a vast undefined area extending from the Mississippi River to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, is now completely cut up into various States and Territories. One of these, to the westward of Nebraska, is named Wyoming; through it runs the mighty chain of the Rocky Mountains, and in its north-western corner, just overlapping into the Territory of Idaho, is the Yellowstone National Park.

Till about thirteen years ago this region was known only by the mysterious and almost fabulous tales of a few trappers and adventurers, who told of a country full of the strangest marvels, but so remote and so inaccessible that few had ever actually seen it, and none could exactly explain its whereabouts. At length, in 1870, the Government of the United States organised an expedition under General Washburn, which explored a great portion of the region, and in the following year it was visited and provisionally surveyed by Professor Hayden, the Director of the United States' Geological Survey. The publication of the report written by these gentlemen attracted intense interest. The people of the United States became aware that in the district surrounding the head waters of the Yellowstone River they possessed a tract of country as rich in natural marvels, in varieties of scenery, in strange and exceptional manifestations of physical agencies, as was to be found in any portion of the globe; and Congress forthwith passed an Act, in 1872, whereby the whole district was "reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The park thus constituted was placed under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, who was empowered to make suitable regulations for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within the park, and their retention in their natural condition; to grant leases for the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors, the revenues thus derived being expended in the management of the park; and, finally, to provide against the destruction of fish or game either from wantonness or for the purpose of merchandise or traffic.

Hitherto, to the ordinary tourist, not too abundantly furnished either with time or money, the Yellowstone Park has been practically inaccessible. This will no longer be the case. Access will be afforded on the southern side by a branch from the Union Pacific

Railway; while the Northern Pacific Railway, which is just now being opened throughout, approaches it by a branch line running due south from a station called Livingston. It is by this line that the President of the United States made his approach to this wonderful playground during his recent tour, and no doubt he will be the precursor of thousands of his fellow-citizens. It may be observed that this line of railway from Duluth, on Lake Superior, to Portland, Oregon, passes through regions of highly varied interest; but all these attractions are combined and intensified in the favoured region which we are about to describe.

The Yellowstone Park comprises an immense upland district, no portion of which lies less than 6,000 feet above the sea. It contains snowy peaks, innumerable rivers, streams, and waterfalls, countless lakes and mountain tarns, with volcanic phenomena of incredible variety and strangeness. Its natural forms, in their grotesqueness, surpass the wildest efforts of the imagination; and the colouring of its rocks and cliffs, of its waters, streams, and pools, is represented by observers as baffling all description, and almost defying credibility. The centre of the Park is occupied by the Yellowstone Lake, about thirty miles long by twenty wide, abounding with deep bays, and with its shores dotted by the cones of boiling springs. The lake is 7,700 feet above the sea, and is, therefore, probably the highest considerable sheet of water in the world. It is drained by the Yellowstone River, which passes through several gigantic "cañons" (as these narrow gorges between almost perpendicular walls are called), and makes several tremendous leaps, one of over 250 feet, before it quits the region of the Park. The Grand Cañon is over twenty miles long, and in some places 1,300 feet deep, its sides being almost perpendicular. In many cases these sides are occupied with still-active geysers, the mineral deposits from which emblazon the rocks with the most vivid and varied colouring. In other parts of the cañon the rocks are splintered and riven into fantastic towers and pillars, while the tributary streams form innumerable cascades of infinite variety and beauty.

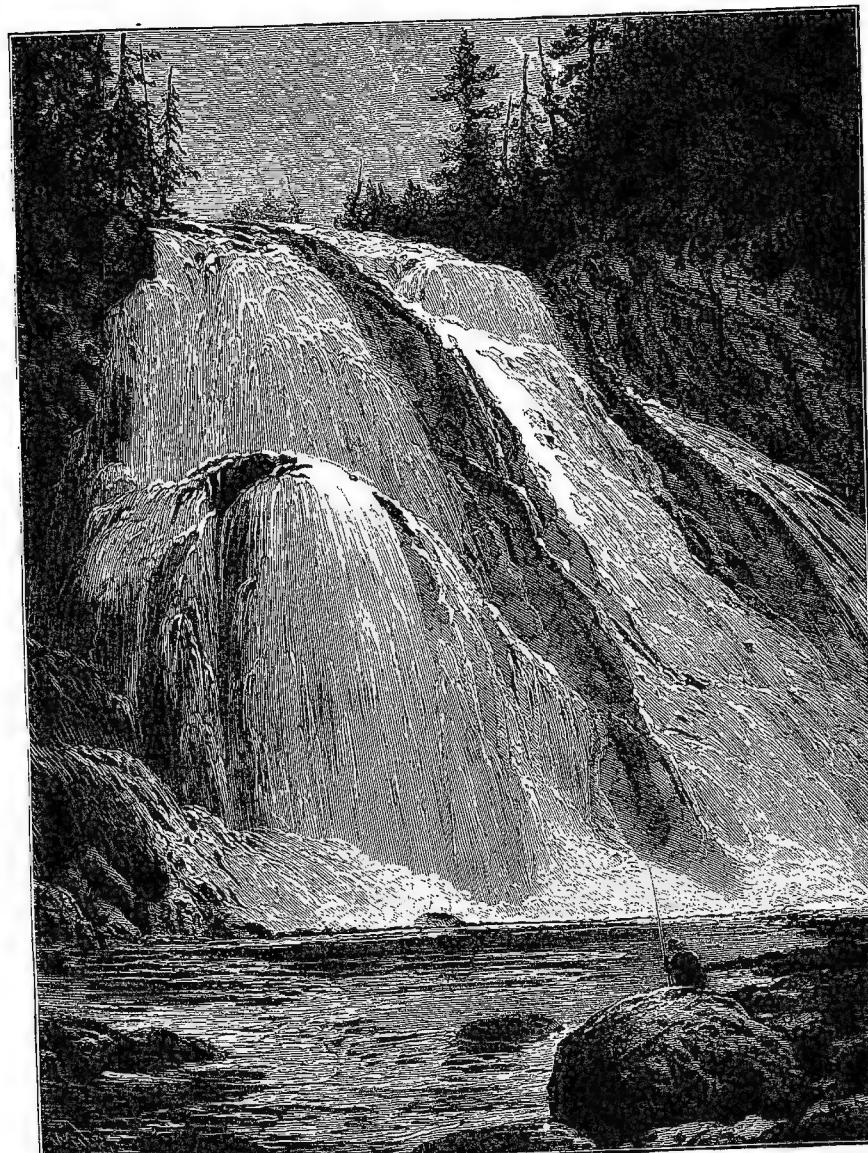
Among other noteworthy features of the Yellowstone Park is the "Goblin Labyrinth," a collection of long, slender, tottering pillars, shafts, and spires, from 50 to 200 or 300 feet in height. Such pillars are formed by the rain-water eating away the easily soluble soil, while the boulder on the top serves as a protection to the pillar which supports it. These pillars represent every garb, form, and posture of gigantic human beings, as well as of birds, beasts, and reptiles.

Then the Park is without exception the most remarkable region of geysers and hot springs in the world. Besides cold pure water springs, which are very abundant, there are cold and hot medicinal springs, terrace-building springs (where the liquid ejected at each throb makes a calcareous deposit), and geysers of every possible variety.

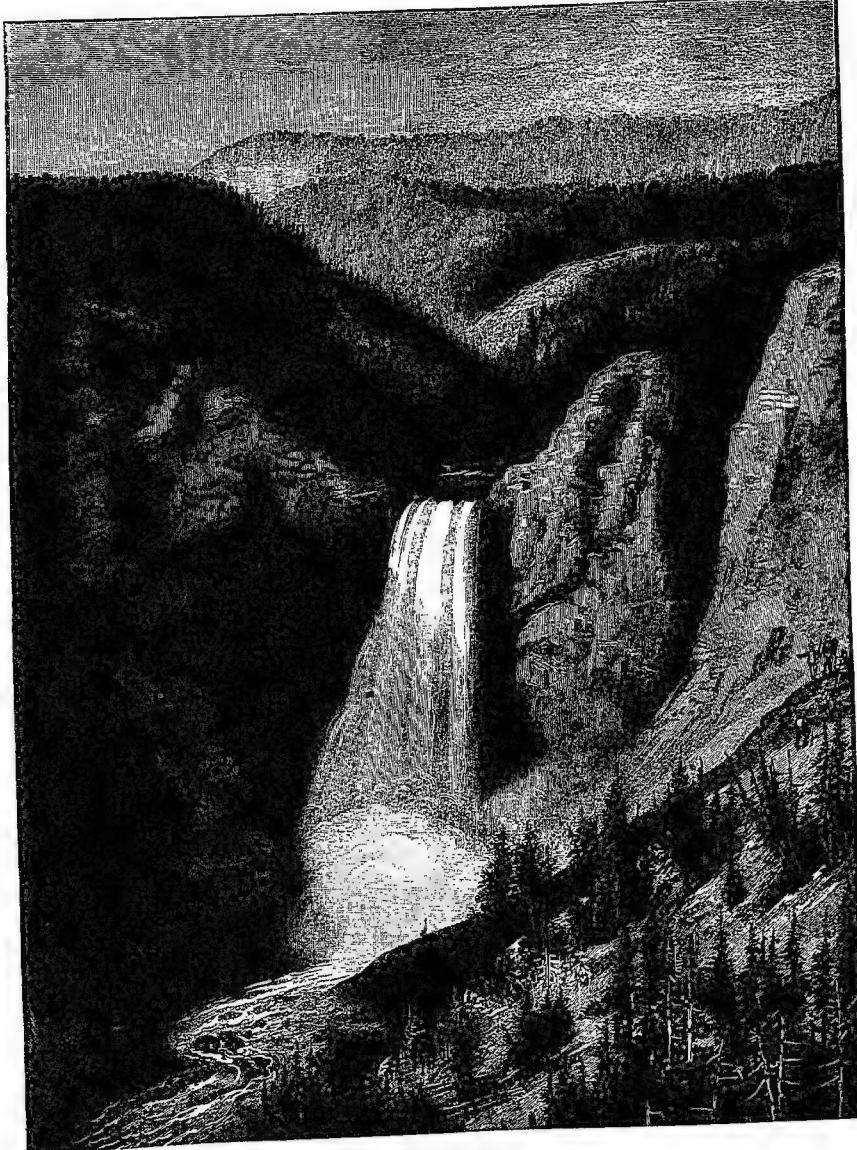
Our illustrations are taken from a convenient little handbook to the Yellowstone National Park, issued by the Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific Railway, and forwarded to us by their European agent, Mr. A. Roedelheimer, Water Street, Liverpool.

One of these engravings represent the scenery on the Yellowstone Lake. Among the marvels of the western side is a natural bridge spanning the deep gorge of a mountain torrent. This bridge is formed of hard trachyte, which has been vertically upheaved, and its arch is extremely fine. The roadway is thirty feet across, and wide enough to admit the passage of a carriage. The Cañon of the

SCENERY ON THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE



GIBBON FALLS



TOWER FALLS

Gibbon presents a perfect picture of a wild and romantic mountain gorge. The road only admits of a partial view of the beautiful falls of the river (*vide* illustration), over which the water tumbles in a foamy sheet full eighty feet in depth. There are two great waterfalls on the Yellowstone within half-a-mile of each other. In the first the water falls sheer over a wall of rock 160 feet, breaking into clouds of spray and mist ere it reaches the bottom of the deep-lying pool at its base. The second fall leaps over a broken ledge, and drops into the depths of the cañon 350 feet lower down. Our third illustration represents the Tower Falls, 82 feet high.



II.

IN Blackwood—innocent this month of politics, saving one dullish article on “Liberal Subservice to France”—some interesting notes of the Arabs of “the Belka,” the “empty land” which, once upon a time, was populous and thriving Moab, may help to swell the number of our “disillusions.” For the noble Bedawee, whatever he may have been, or may be still, in the remoter Nejd, if Messrs. Blunt and Palgrave speak truth, is clearly on the Moabite plateau no better, from a romantic point of view, than an impostor. Even his hospitality is half a sham; and the guest who falls asleep within his tent may wake to find his grave and courteous host searching his pockets with “a cat-like nimbleness.”—“James Ferguson, the Astronomer,” is a sympathetic memoir of a lowly-born genius, whom a kindlier fate might have set high among the famous men of science; and “Heather-Burning” and “A Ross-shire Forest,” amusing sketches, whose comedy makes up for a certain heaviness in “Maga’s” chief serial, “The Millionaire.”

In *Macmillan*, Mr. Mowbray Morris’s clever paper, “Some Recent Dramatic Criticisms,” deals lightly, yet trenchantly, with the wild exaggeration which would have us regard the successful interpreter of Shakespeare as a genius of the same order—a “twin-star” with the mighty poet. Still Shakespeare is an exception to all rules. The lesser dramatist will find the born actor, as indeed Mr. Morris owns, potent to create as well as to interpret—a partner, whose help is often indispensable to turn a good reading play into a great theatrical success.—The “Review of the Month”—for some little time a special feature of *Macmillan*—is again most admirable, alike as *resume* and commentary; and “François Garnier” is a touching and a timely notice of Rivière’s gallant and equally unlucky predecessor in the bold attempt to carve out for France a new Indian Empire in the farthest East.

The *Atlantic* this month maintains a level smoothness. Mr. Marion Crawford’s “Roman Singer” needs further development ere we can pronounce how far it makes good the comparison it challenges with “Ouida” on her own battle-ground. “A Study of a Cat-bird” is a charming sketch of an attractive, tyrannous, domestic pet. The mute contempt with which it maddened its neighbour, a cardinal grosbeak in full song, is as good an instance of bird humour as we know.

Most noteworthy in the *North American* is Mr. Lloyd’s sombre picture of the “rings” and “corners” at Chicago and New York, in which every artifice of the Stock Exchange is brought into play, with yearly increasing astuteness and success, to introduce into the American produce markets under other names and in a modern dress the old abuses of “forestalling and regrating” against which our ancestors passed penal laws. The worst sufferers, though Chicago boasts that its price lists rule the world, are the smaller dealers and the working classes in the United States themselves, the former of whom find bargains in “futures” a certain source of loss, while the latter see prices raised, they know not exactly how or why. The artificial dearth of the necessities of life brought about by the “corner-men” has really, if Mr. Lloyd is correct, been the cause of half the recent strikes throughout the Union.

In *Belgravia* a fresh instalment of Mr. McCarthy’s interesting “Maid of Athens” and a romantic story of two Greek lovers—we knew not that such romance existed in modern Greece—are pleasantly varied by Mr. Dutton Cook’s account of the chequered career of that “Queer Parson” Caleb Colton, author of “Lacorn,” and staunch upholder of the truth of the Sampson Peverell ghost-story.—To the *Gentleman’s Miss Gordon Cumming* sends a graphic description of one of the wild winter storms which sweep each year the westernmost point of Cornwall, and drive all but the stoutest steamers back to shelter behind the Plymouth breakwater.

Among the sixpennies *Longman’s* is still the best. Next to the chief serial, of which the action begins to quicken, Mr. Stevenson’s almost painfully realistic picture of the loathsome dreariness of the ninety hours’ journey “Across the Plains” in a frowsy emigrant car, is, perhaps, the most striking of its prose papers, though younger readers may prefer to read how two sharp schoolboys “snatched” the “Big Trout” which for years had baffled all the anglers of the parish.—The “Absolution”—a poem turning on the love of a young girl for her confessor—is much above the average in dramatic power.—In the *Cornhill* a neat paper on a novel subject, “The Sick Poor” of the Veterinary College, and an amusing *resume* of M. d’Assier’s recent volume on “Posthumous Man,” are both very readable.

Merry England with an article on “Dorsetshire Ghosts”—being implicitly believed in by the countrymen of Mr. Barnes—and another on the successive artists whom Charles Dickens employed to illustrate his novels; *Tinsley* with a paper on “Explorers I Have Met,” to wit, Colonel Burnaby and Mr. O’Donovan; the *United Service, London Society, To-Day*, with its short essays, which savour of the over-boldness of youth, and its instalments of sensational tales made tolerable by a certain *nuance* of originality, *All the Year Round*, and *Good Words*, are all fair numbers.

In the *Portfolio* the dainty little side views which set off the editor’s account of the Pantheon, the Invalides, and the Madeleine, please us more than the larger etchings.—A paper by Miss Betham-Edwards on “The Portrait Sculpture of the Old Egyptians” is delightful reading, though we can scarcely think with the writer and M. Soldi that the inferiority of Egyptian Art to that of Greece was a question solely of material and tools.

LABRADOR

The feelings that agitated the breast of the first picturesque tourist or sentimental traveller who discovered Labrador, in the good old coaching days, perchance, or even later, are to be envied by the jaded toiler up the Rhine or the typical Cool’s excursionist. It is not of the hyperborean and ice-encircled land, at whose mention the shivering senses prepare for hibernation, of which we speak,—not the Arctic, but the Devonian Labrador. This is obviously an ironical appellation. It remains a speculation whether, since the name does not appear in the ordnance survey of the coast, it is derived from the sign of a picturesque little rural inn, or from the singular and happy conformation of the surrounding cliffs and hills that give to the little nook in which the inn nestles so admirable a shelter, and so delicious a sense of security. Be this as it may, its unique beauty of situation deserves something better than the silence of guide-book writers. And although it has been the custom, for a considerable time past, for the worthy townsfolk of Teignmouth to journey hither up the steep hill from Shaldon, or by boat round that remarkable promontory, the Ness, it would

seem from the absolute solitude of Labrador at all other seasons than summer, that their enthusiasm is awakened by the sublunar delights of junkets and strawberries and cream, rather than by the remarkable beauty of the place itself.

Beautiful as this little indentation of the coast appears to the seafarer, it more thoroughly and triumphantly vindicates its claim to the intelligent observation of the searcher after the picturesque when visited from the lofty rampart of the hills forming Stoke Common, and when the descent on to the tiny landslip is attempted from the old Dartmouth road. It speaks eloquently for the soft and voluptuous aspect of beauty observable in Labrador and its surroundings, that it is under the trying circumstances of winter, as we once viewed it, that it most appeals to the luxuriant sense; when the winding road on the hills above is glistening and treacherous with frost, and the distant stretch of moorland is masked by a delicate mantle of snow; when the sky is windless and of a lustrous blue, unstained by clouds, save by some islanded masses of cumulus stationary behind the Dartmoor tors. Turning out of the road and passing rapidly down a steep little piece of clover, we arrive at the edge of the huge red conglomerate cliffs of the Triassic formation, along the precipitate wall of which for a couple of hundred feet a narrow path abruptly descends by sudden zigzags to the narrow ledges of landslip overlooking the sandy shore. This path is felicitously constructed so as to offer no self-betrayal to the eye of the wanderer below, who beholds a gentle semi-cirque of rocky, irregular upland and ruddy cliff dominating a series of small gardens and verdant alleys, orchards, and strawberry plots, whose cultivation is not so pronounced as to mar the harmony of their wild neighbourhood.

Below these ledges of reclaimed landslip are massed in savage confusion enormous blocks of sandstone which have at various periods been dislodged from the higher cliffs; here and there a little plateau appears gently shelving towards the sea, backed by thickets of greenery in a romantic recess, upon which the ocean-nymphs might be expected to disport themselves when weary of their proper element. The sense of isolation is complete, but never oppressive. The one little habitation is so effectually embowered in its luxuriant garden-growth of sweet-bay, laurel, euonymus, and other evergreen shrubs, that it is scarcely observed, although its pleached garden, that so happily preserves the *juste milieu* between Nature’s negligence and man’s sense of neatness, is well worth study. Here are roses and myrtles, geraniums of great size, and numberless other plants thriving in full sight and scent of the sea, and yet with an easterly exposure to the Channel. The whole place is permeated with an exquisite balmy odour, and enjoys at this season a veritable sun-bath, no touch of the north-wind is felt, and the calm is touching in its profundity. The sea, that showed so blue from above, is here opalescent under the low winter sun, and its long waves fall on the sand with a placid and lazy lapping that is met by a fuller and still more indolent response from the beetling rocks overhead.

It is somewhat strange that there is no mention in Keats’ letters from Teignmouth of this curious and romantic nook, for he was an indefatigable pedestrian and explorer of that interesting stretch of country bounded southward by Torbay and northward by the Teign estuary. In his rhyming exercises of the gentle art of “botheral” addressed to Haydon he alludes to most of the more notable of the sweet retired pastoral villages sheltered in the steep valleys from Newton westward and Babacombe in the south, and it can only have been from its inaccessibility that Labrador was overlooked by the poet. He was profoundly interested by anything novel or striking in scenery, and such influence is perceptible enough not only in “Endymion,” which was mainly composed during pedestrian tours, but also in his work subsequent to his sojourn in Teignmouth. But of Labrador and the soft Corsican-like scenery of the coast towards Torbay, there is no trace in his verse. Doubtless, however, he had witnessed some such sun-departure and solemn grandeur of gloaming as that which made impressive the close of our winter day, when the large calm spaces of sea assumed an indescribable blending of rosy pink and palest green with a sheeny gloss of ineffable lustre, while the sea-line, which at noon was merged in a violet haze, darkened, and took a keen sierra-edge, portending a breeze. Afar in the offing some Brixham trawlers were visible, with their phantom-like sails sun-touched with fire; as the lowering sun revealed headland beyond headland “in the rich heart of the west,” and hollow combs and darkening coves, full of mystery, and gorgeous in colour. Above the little beach at Labrador the rosy cliffs flushed out of the purple gloom with softened radiance, and then, as veil over the darkness came down from the hills, that last beacon was extinguished, and Night reigned supreme.

J. A. B.

GUIANESE NEGROES

Othello excites sympathy upon the stage, and black Bishops are social pets in lands where the negro is an exotic. Mrs. Stowe’s Uncle Tom metamorphoses himself into quite a new conception after a year or two’s residence in the tropics. Longitude in religious phraseology too often cloaks an unfortunate latitude in morals. The clergyman, or as he is called “the Reverend,” soon finds this fact a large source of difficulty in his dealings with his flock; who also have an unpleasant habit of looking to him for assistance in almost every possible circumstance of life. He must help them to procure an imposing funeral, or to give splendour to the ceremonial of marriage, which they occasionally patronise. The poorest man of African descent is ambitious of “a good funeral.” If care ever assumes an acute form with him, apprehension for festivities that should grace the termination of his life must be the cause. If when alive carriage exercise is beyond his means, he never dreams of not being driven to the cemetery when he is dead, followed by five or six vehicles at least. In these his friends will recline as easy and self-possessed as the “Gubnah self.”

A little labour procures him the necessities of existence. More work is needful to obtain some indispensable luxuries. Among these are a frock coat, a silk hat, and other outward appurtenances of respectability. Thus he may be seen on Sundays, or at a party, for which he receives the following card of invitation:

“Miss Cesaria Bloomah present her compliments to Mr. Pompey Van Groningen, and request the pleasure of your company at my ball on Thursday, 18th October. Dancing at 8.” Pompey is imitative. If you see his back only when he is dancing with Cesaria, or watch him making himself agreeable to the ladies, you might imagine him a Caucasian.

The laziness of the negro is not the languor that shrinks from all exertion. Amusement evokes activity. He plays every outdoor game with enthusiasm. The women even in some parts of British Guiana have formed cricket clubs. It is the restraint of continuous labour that is disliked. Consequently few pure-blooded blacks rise to positions of Colonial eminence, yet negro boys to a certain age are as intelligent as European.

The race has a strong sense of humour. A witicism of any kind is seldom lost on them. They look upon life as somewhat of a joke. Sorrow beclouds their horizon for a moment; but the ripple of laughter which is the visible condition of their being soon succeeds the transient grief, as quickly as sunshine follows the shower which trickles in tear drops through the dense foliage of the equatorial forest.

Superstition is rife. Ghosts seem to have quite a partiality for colour. Their readiness to manifest themselves should imply that racial prejudices are unknown in the spirit world. The belief in Obeah is widespread. Death that does not readily explain itself arouses suspicion of malign influences. The ancient horror of the

“evil eye” enjoys a full share of vitality. An elderly white lady was within the last few years subjected to gross persecution by an ignorant and terrified populace. Her house was nightly assailed with stones. She was compelled to seek in the Colonial press an efficient protector.

A negro misused his mistress, an Indian woman. Disgusted at his behaviour, she fled to the forest and the shelter of her friends. They were very angry. A spirit was sent to Georgetown to torture and annoy the brutal lover. A man and a ghost make a discordant household. Hadfield Street was disturbed by cries so dreadful that their cause was at once conjectured to be something unearthly. Every evening people thronged to hear the din. Offerings of rum and beer, and even more expensive liquors, were made to the demon. As often as one votive glass was placed by hurried and trembling hands in the doorway of the haunted dwelling its contents were disposed of. Strangely enough the yell of the victim became more terrific with each sacrifice to his tormentor. At length Sadducees got the ear of the rulers of the country, and one summer evening the votaries of the malignant forest sprite were escorted to the central police station in the Brickdam. This act of authority terminated the episode.

There is an ordeal by grass used to detect petty thefts. Sharply-pointed herbage is laid upon a plate, the tips of the blades turned outwards. The suspected person kneels, and repeats a form of incantation with head bent down. If he is guilty, the grass springs up on end, and the pointed tips slightly pierce and grip the throat of the liar.

Although the commercial value of the negro is not high, he yet enjoys his own life thoroughly. If others are discontented with him as a factor in food production, he is none the less merry. If he is untruthful, he is kind and affectionate to those who win his attachment. With his vices he has compensating virtues. A reaction from an absurd sentimentalism has created a contempt for “the man and the brother” which he does not always deserve.

F. B.



“A MODERN LOVER,” by George Moore (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), is presumably its author’s first novel. The hand of the inexperienced workman is conspicuous throughout, but it is the inexperience of a clever workman, and is compensated by many signs of promise. From one source of weakness Mr. Moore can rid himself very easily, and so save himself a great deal of needless trouble in time to come. He seems to have got it into his head that he is dealing with subjects that are a little dangerous, and he is so exaggeratedly timid in his treatment of them as to give his readers the impression that he would be really very wicked if he only dared. In reality, his plot is well within the bounds of strict propriety, and the impression we have just mentioned is the penalty which over-much care to be scrupulously inoffensive generally incurs. However, timidity of this kind is not too common, and will no doubt disappear as soon as Mr. Moore becomes emboldened by that fair measure of success which he will no doubt obtain, while he is certainly not likely to err in the opposite direction. His hero, the “Modern Lover,” is an exceedingly life-like reproduction of a type which is certainly common enough, though we should be sorry to think it characteristically modern. He is the gracefully feeble Adonis of the drawing-rooms, who, out of a combination of vanity, sentimentality, and good-nature, permits himself to be made love to by any woman who takes a fancy that way, and returns her caprice or passion so far as his surpassing affection for himself will allow. He is perfectly harmless, because entirely shallow, and slides through the complications of any number of flirtations at once with what will strike less fascinating persons as enviable ease. The novel is a chronicle of the platonic triumphs of this young man, illustrated by society pictures and episodes of the small-beer order. They are, however, lively and amusing, and those who care to take the trouble will doubtless be able to trace the original of Mr. Moore’s professional beauties and other types of the hour, and the application of his allusions. A strong novel it cannot be called, but it is unquestionably a clever one. Its best and most promising feature of all is that the characters, without exception, are singularly real, and are individualised as well as representative. Each is at once both complex and consistent, and we are made to feel that we have been in the company of persons who, however unattractive, are actual and alive.

“A Maid Called Barbara,”—who, by the way, might just as well have been called anything else—by Catharine Childer (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is of only very moderate merit. It consists of a series of unconnected episodes, and of occasional incidents which begin with a flash only to end in smoke,—indeed there is no reason for the introduction of any of them. If, for example, it is necessary to introduce to one another a pair of future lovers, no ordinary meeting will serve, but the heroine must be involved in a meaningless adventure, utterly needless and uninteresting unless it had fulfilled the unredeemed promise of excitement and mystery. So frequent and invariable in character are these flashes in the pan that they can be only regarded as padding. The plot is essentially commonplace, and rendered all the more so by a picture of Anglo-Roman society which, though good in itself, only reproduces matter with which novel-readers have long become over-familiar. English life in Italy has become completely worn out by this time. Miss Childer must not suppose that personal experience of any form of life is of itself sufficient reason for writing a novel. To the merit, however, of making her story read like a piece of genuine if uninteresting biography she may lay claim: and her novel must therefore be classed as above the average of fiction.

“Pensam, His Mysterious Tribulation,” by William Bolitho Ryall (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is the curious title of a certainly curious and eccentric tale. The “Mysterious Tribulation” of Phillip (so spelled) Pensam is a trick of trying to entice with his fingers an imaginary noose round his neck—a suggestive habit, for which the reason, we are bound to say, proves lamentably disappointing. The personages generally belong to melodrama, and even the comic footman who believes himself to be a poet is out of place off the stage. Neither he, nor any of the *dramatis personae*, have a vestige of flesh and blood about them—they speak, think, and move in an atmosphere of crazy passion and tragic gloom, relieved only by flashes of burlesque of a painfully forced description. Still Mr. Ryall shows that he has some power of original invention: for his characters are not to be found either in the world or in the works of any of his predecessors. Moreover his plot is really interesting as above the average of fiction.

The third number of Mr. Laurence Oliphant’s “Altiora Petō” (Blackwood and Sons) more than maintains the interest of its predecessors, and is fully equal to them in brilliancy. The plot is concentrated as well as developed, and old Hannah is more quaintly wise than ever. Mr. Oliphant’s purpose is also becoming clear, as an attempted solution of those problems of existence wherein the nineteenth-century mind is weltering in a not unwilling state of haze. Indeed “Altiora Petō” now more than promises to approach exhaustiveness as a picture of our own immediate time, social, metaphysical, financial, treated in the most earnest spirit, but with the lightest and liveliest of hands. That splendid specimen of the “Prairie-Widow” (as the wandering married lady with an invisible husband vaguely in America has been called), Mrs. Clymer, is the heroine of the present number.

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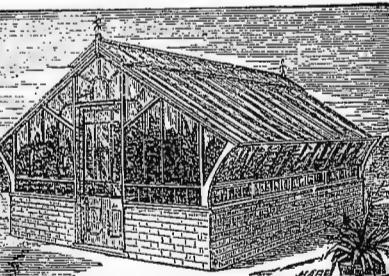
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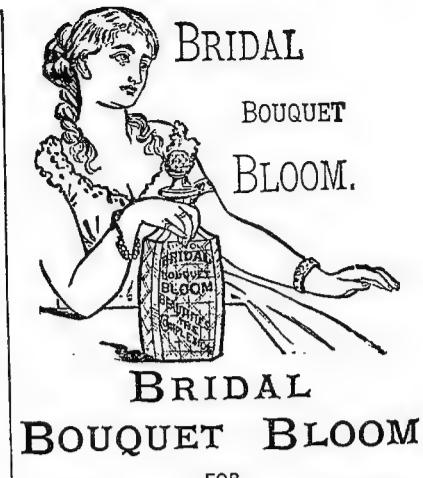
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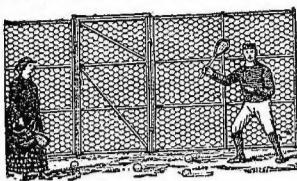
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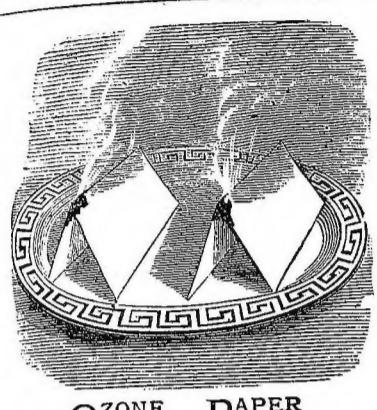
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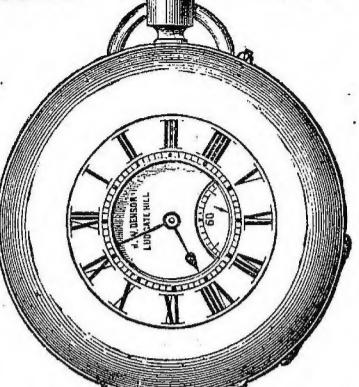
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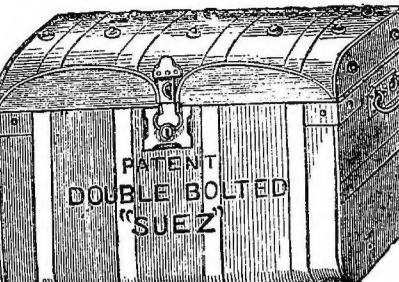
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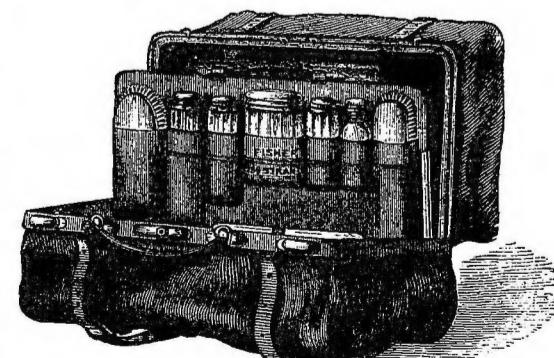
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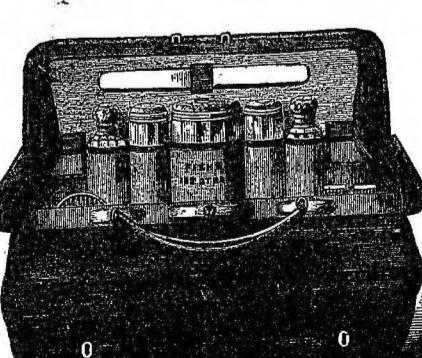
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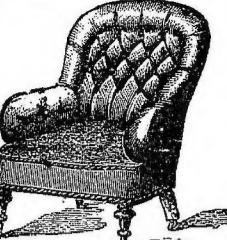
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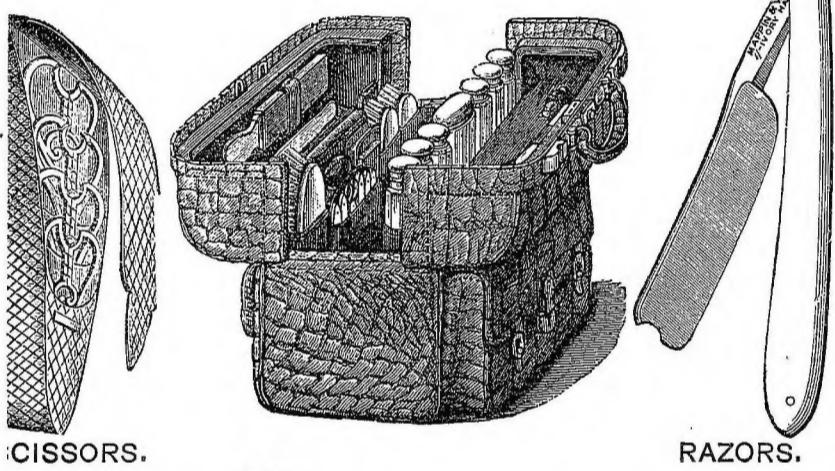
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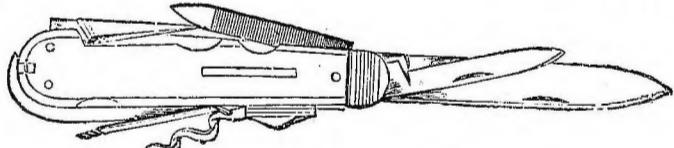
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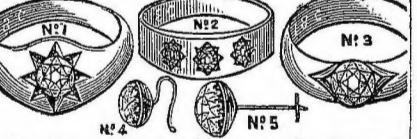


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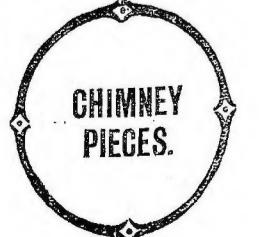
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